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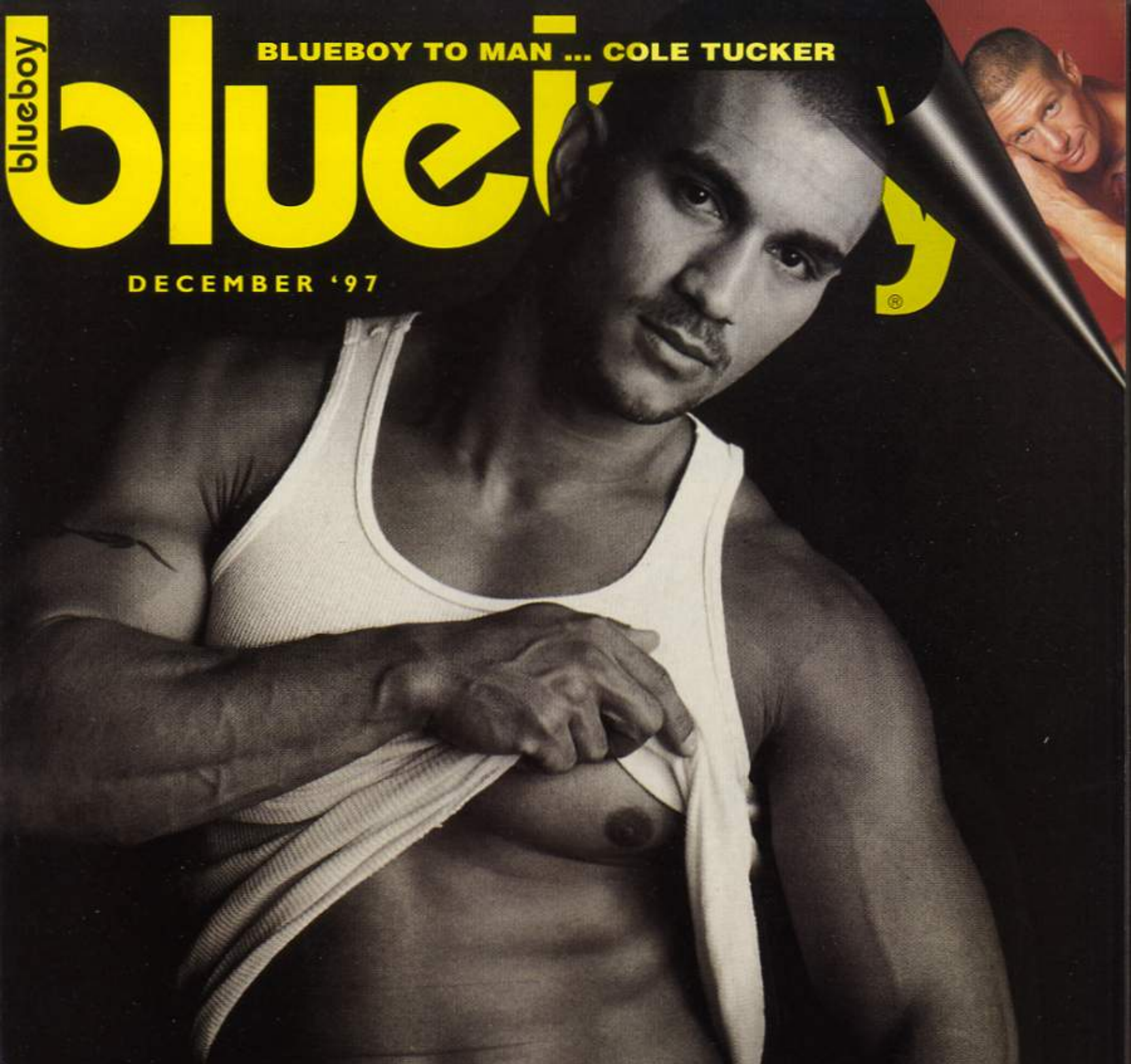

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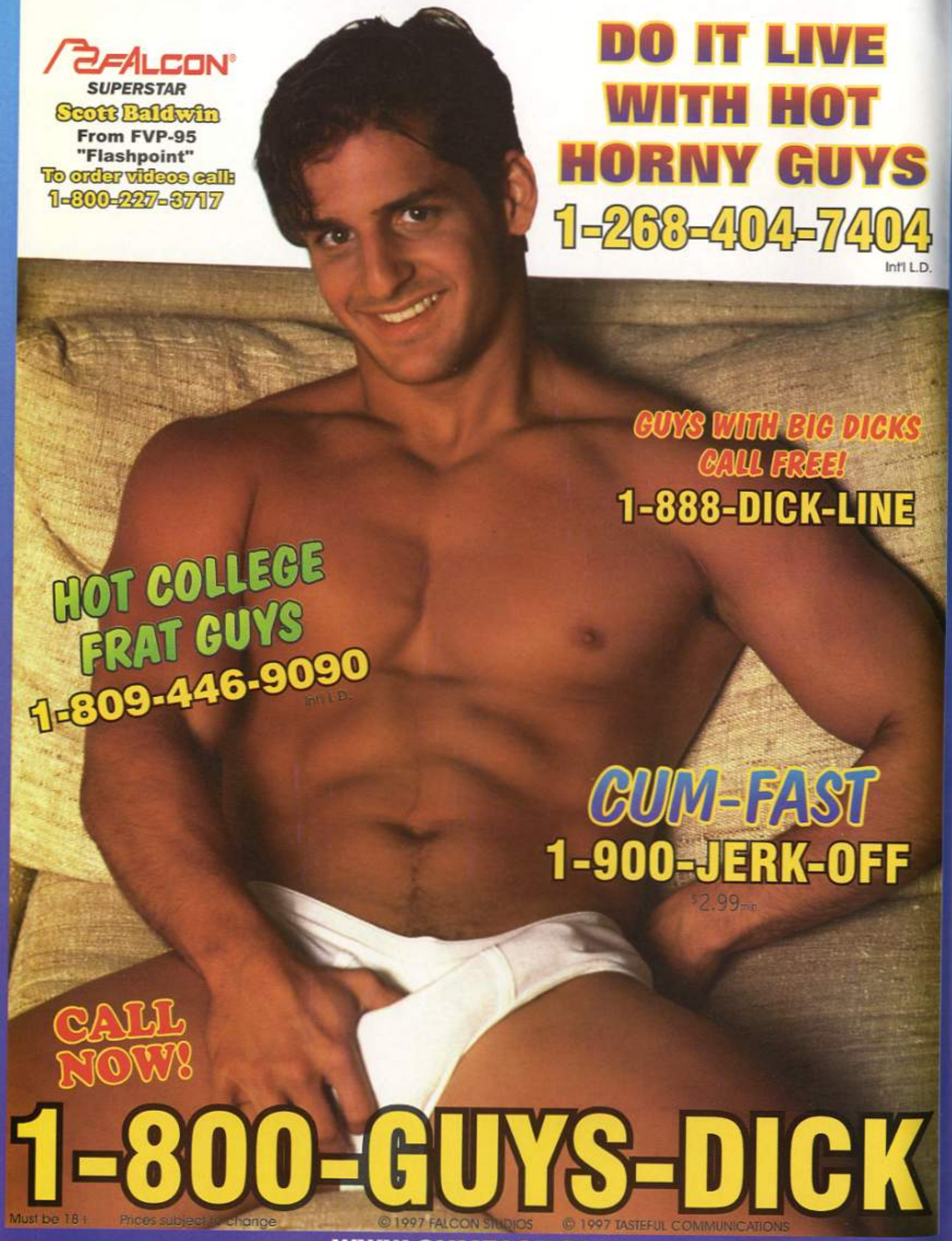

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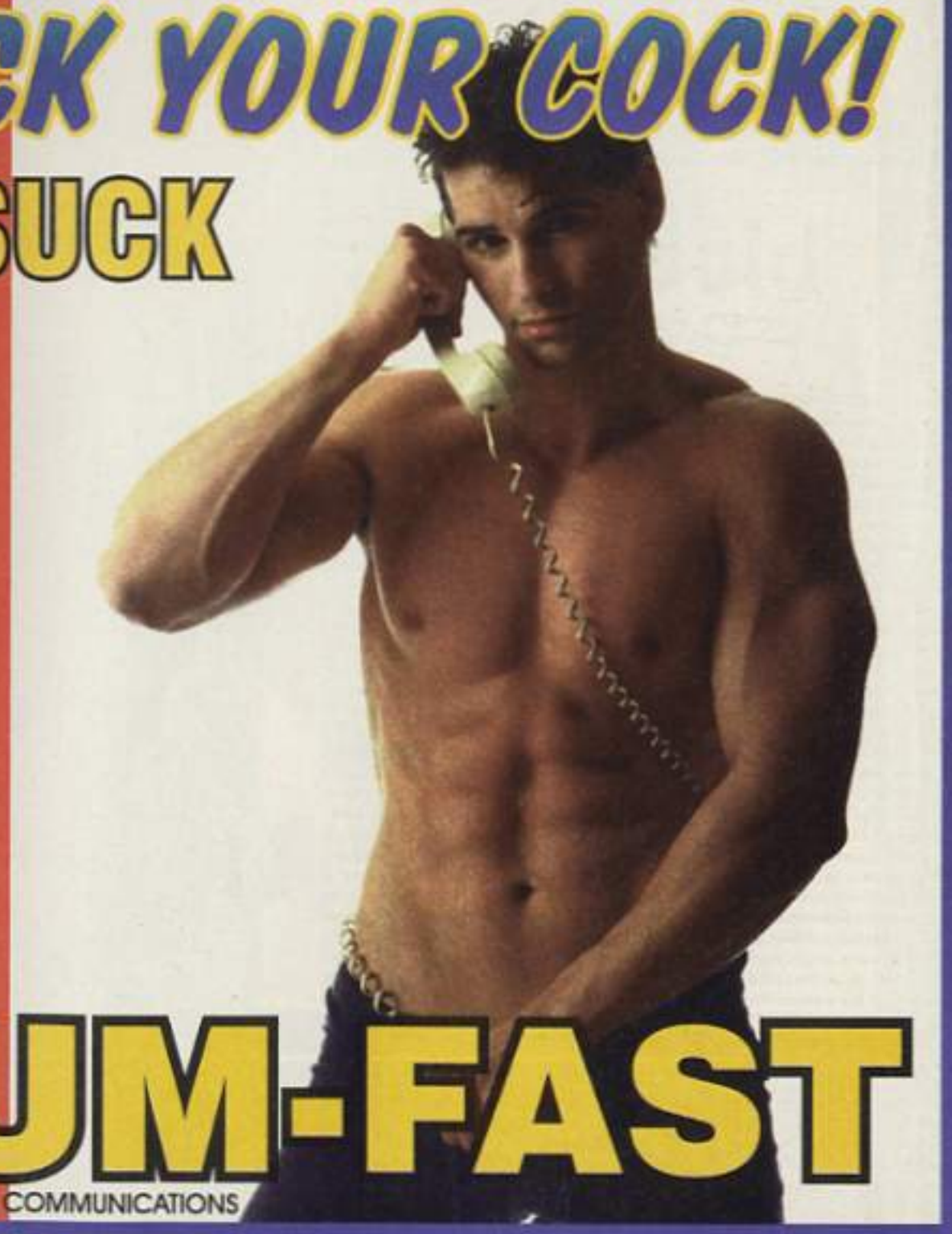

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E D I T O R I A L

The Top 5 Movies of 1997

We are not talking Paramount, Universal, and 20th Century Fox here. We are talking about the movies we review in Blueboy and our other publications. The GAY ADULT Movies. We do have a magazine called STARS that is totally a GAY CINEMA REVIEW Magazine and in that issue we present the TOP 100. Here I want to talk about the Top 5 because in 1997 there were a lot of wonderful presentations you may have missed and now you can go to your video store and rent any one of them and I trust you will have a great time.

In compiling the Top 100 for our sister publication I had to watch a lot of movies. Because I do review movies I naturally get a few watched on a weekly basis. However, there was a lot I missed. When the Gay Video Guide Awards nominations are announced I hope I agree with at least some of their nominations. By the time the nominations are announced we will be working on JOCK Magazine and I will print the results there.

NUMBER 5: BODY TO DIE FOR - Studio 2000:
This is a mystery movie in a way. We have been getting tired of the same ole, same ole, "let's fuck" type movies and thought it was about time someone (thank you Studio 2000) told a story I could believe. The story here is a murder mystery that reminded me of the board game "CLUE." It worked. I was so taken with the detective I think I fell in love with him. I wish they would make another one in 1998. You will love it and you should rent it. It all takes place in a Victorian Mansion and I don't think there was a room they didn't use ... or a bed.

NUMBER 4: MATADOR - All Worlds Video:
The sex scenes with EDUARDO in this movie should win all the awards. There are so many times you watch a sex scene and you know they are doing it for the money. Not in this movie. It is a Michael Zen wonder with a story of unrequited love between a Matador, Marcelo Reeves, and a portrait artist and a chauffeur and a major domo. Some critics are saying there should have been more sex. I say one sex scene here equals three from many other movies.

NUMBER 3: JOURNEY TO ITALY - Men of Odyssey
After you see the movie you will want to go to Italy. In my case I just wanted Derek Cameron for as long as the law or the budget will allow. A gem of a young man In Italy. I feared it would be a laborious documentary type movie but I was wrong. The photography gave you a thrill while you were jerking off and made you feel like you were really there because they were there and it was shot in Italy. Definitely a *****Star.

NUMBER 2: MARINE CRUCIBLE - Centaur Films
They can make all the movies they want about SERVICEMEN and they will have a tough time competing with this incredible insight into the goings on at Marine bootcamp. There is one photograph I saw from the movie before I saw the movie. It was a string of Marines in fatigues with their cocks hanging out. I wanted to blow it up and frame it because it was so hot. Along came the movie and anyone who watches should cum more than once.

NUMBER 1: HIGH TIDE - Falcon Studios
Easily the best movie of the year but Falcon wins so many awards each year it may not get singled out. It should. All or most of it was shot in Hawaii. It has a real script the director followed and I really liked the story. It starts out with a normal type guy and his wife but the man has amnesia and gets flashes of having gay sex somewhere. The somewhere is Hawaii and you will love the two hours you will spend there. And the men who send your cock into HIGH TIDE.

Chuck Edwards
Editor-in-Chief

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Daniel
Photo By: Mercury Studio

Dear Blueboy,

Congratulations to you all at *Blueboy* for what must be the greatest ever cover photo of *Blueboy*.

I refer to the August 1997 issue. This hunk of American Indian Manhood is indeed a pleasure to look and a joy to behold. This Indian beauty can impale me onto his totem pole any time he likes. A Pow-Wow in his Wigman would be a dream come true.

A few brief details of Daniel would not be out of place. Please pass on my very best wishes to this Red Indian Dreamboat and assure him that he can have no more a loyal fan and dedicated British Fan than myself. The other 12 photos of Daniel are very good, however, it's that front cover that is so Hot, Hot, Hot! Keep up the good work at *Blueboy*.

Roger
London

Dear Blueboy,

This is my first letter to a gay magazine, but not my last. The reason why I am writing this letter is because of the Native American Hunk named Daniel. I, myself, am a Native American and gay. As soon as I saw him I got a hardon. I am from the Yakima Tribe here in Washington State. I just want to say ... what I wouldn't do to spend an evening with Daniel. I also wanted to know if Daniel was appears any gay movies and if he does, what are they and how could I order them? Hopefully my Dreamcatcher will catch him and bring him to my life!

David
Washington

Dear Daniel,

I know you'll probably be getting tons of letters from fans, but I wanted to take the time to drop you a few lines anyway. I think you are gorgeous. I have never (no exaggeration) seen a man as beautiful as you. I have not been able to get you out of my mind and would love more than anything to correspond with you and maybe even get an autographed photo. You are simply GREAT!

Charles
Massachusetts

Dear Blueboy,

Where did you find that stunning

American Indian beauty? The masculinity just radiates from him and I find that very hot. Such sex appeal and such humongous equipment. You have to publish more pictures of him ... I mean, such manhood deserves a great deal of exhibition. I will be looking forward to your next issue in hopes of a second round with Daniel. I enclosed a letter for him, so if you guys at *Blueboy* can please forward it to him, I would really appreciate it.

Lenny
Colorado

Dear Daniel Fans,

Thanks for your positive response. Daniel was brought to us by Mercury Studio right here in New York City. We knew he was "Hot Stuff" the minute we saw him. His first photo shoot was exclusively for Blueboy and was published, as you know, in the October issue. He has caused quite a commotion, so we would be surprised to be seeing a lot more of him in the near future. With regards to his appearing in movies, as of today, Daniel hasn't appeared on the screen, but we can all keep our fingers crossed. We are talking about maybe doing another photo session with him, but nothing has been decided. In the meantime, here is one more photo of the hunk for your enjoyment. By the way, Daniel is originally from the South West, but currently lives here in New York. Keep those letters coming.

Dear Blueboy,

I am writing in response to Jason of Florida in your last issue. Jason asked why you don't ever have any black men in your magazine. Your response was because you felt they were covered in exclusively black magazines. That was an answer to dodge the real issue.

You have featured Hispanics, Native Americans and men from just about every ethnic background before, what is the real problem with black men? Just because you don't find them beautiful, that doesn't say that many of the readers feel the same.

That very answer you gave is one of many small reasons I would never march in a "gay-right" march. Before we can parade around talking about equal rights, rights to get married, rights in the military, we have work to do among ourselves. Racial prejudice is very much real in the gay community. Men are not beautiful because of their skin color, they are beautiful regardless of their tone of skin.

So, the next time a "Jason" asks such a question, feature a black model and let the readers decide. If there is a favorable response, feature others and not just a token. One thing you did say in your response to Jason was that variety adds spice to life, I agree. Question is, are you going to practice it? Before we can talk about equal right from the straight community, let's deal with it in our own.

My current lover of two years is white and beautiful, however, I have dated some black men in the past. Men are beautiful, not for the color of their skin, they're beautiful regardless of skin tone.

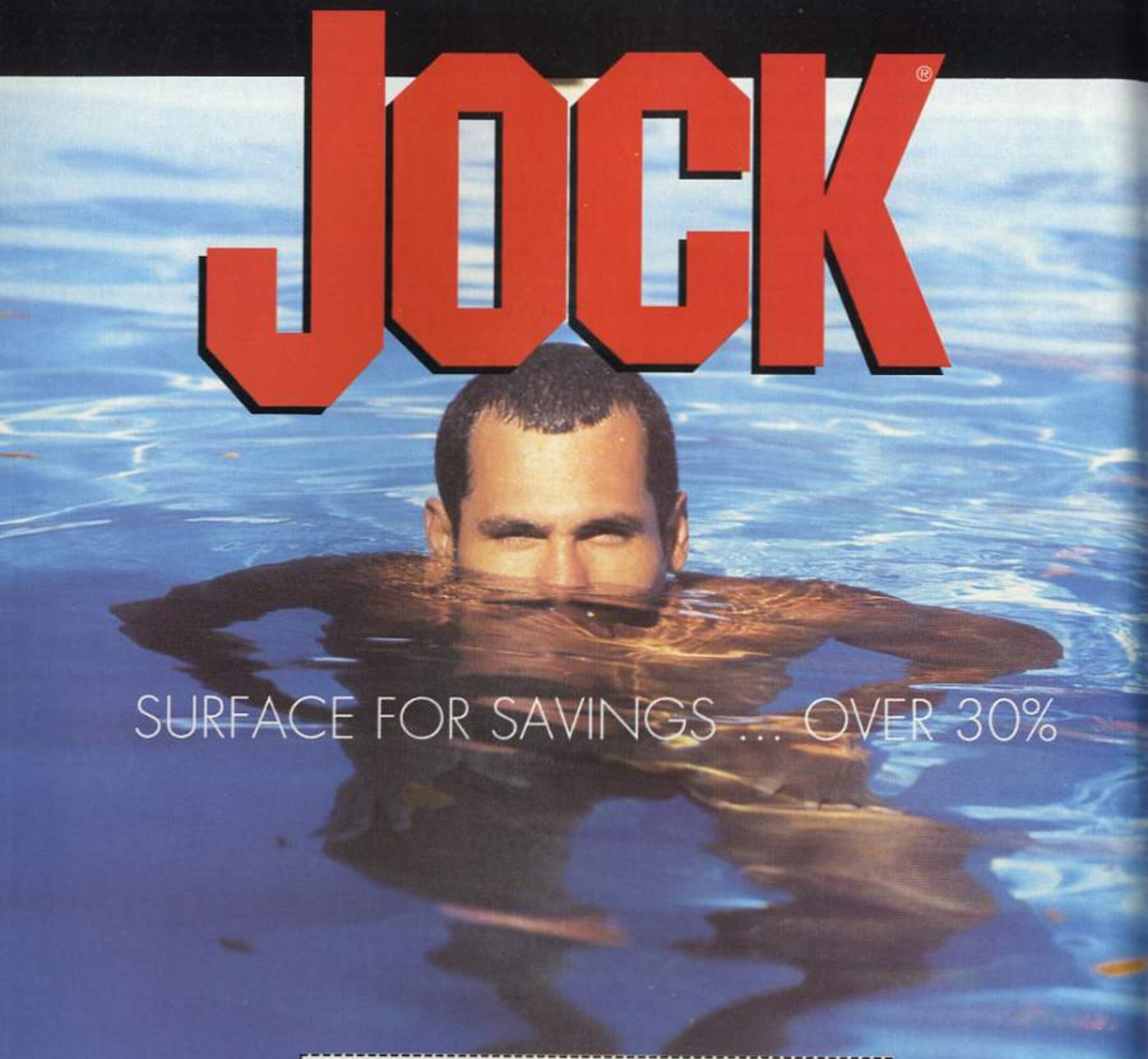
Paul
South Carolina

Dear Paul,

Your response is very appreciated and respected. It is no secret to anyone here at Blueboy that racial prejudice is an issue that plagues not only the gay community, but the world. However, your accusations that we practice this prejudice here at Blueboy are simply not true. To begin, if you were to visit our office here in New York, you'd find that Caucasians are indeed the minority. So this discrimination which you claim we are guilty of would then have to be categorized as "self-hatred," not racism. Second, let me explain to you a little bit of how things work here for us. We find our models through submissions by either themselves, or photographers. It just so happens that Blueboy receives very few submissions from black men. Knowing this phenomenon, and always assuming that the reason we do not receive submissions from black men was because they chose to submit to exclusively black magazines when looking to model, led to our response to Jason. We hope every reader sees this letter and realizes that we welcome with open arms any submissions by black men. Perhaps this will lead into a treasure chest full of black men which we anxiously await to feature.

Lastly, I would like to point out that we also publish Jock Magazine ... we consider it our "sister" publication. If you take a look at our October 1997 issue, you'll be happy to find Tyson Cane on the cover. He is a stunning black man.

Thanks for taking the time to write in.



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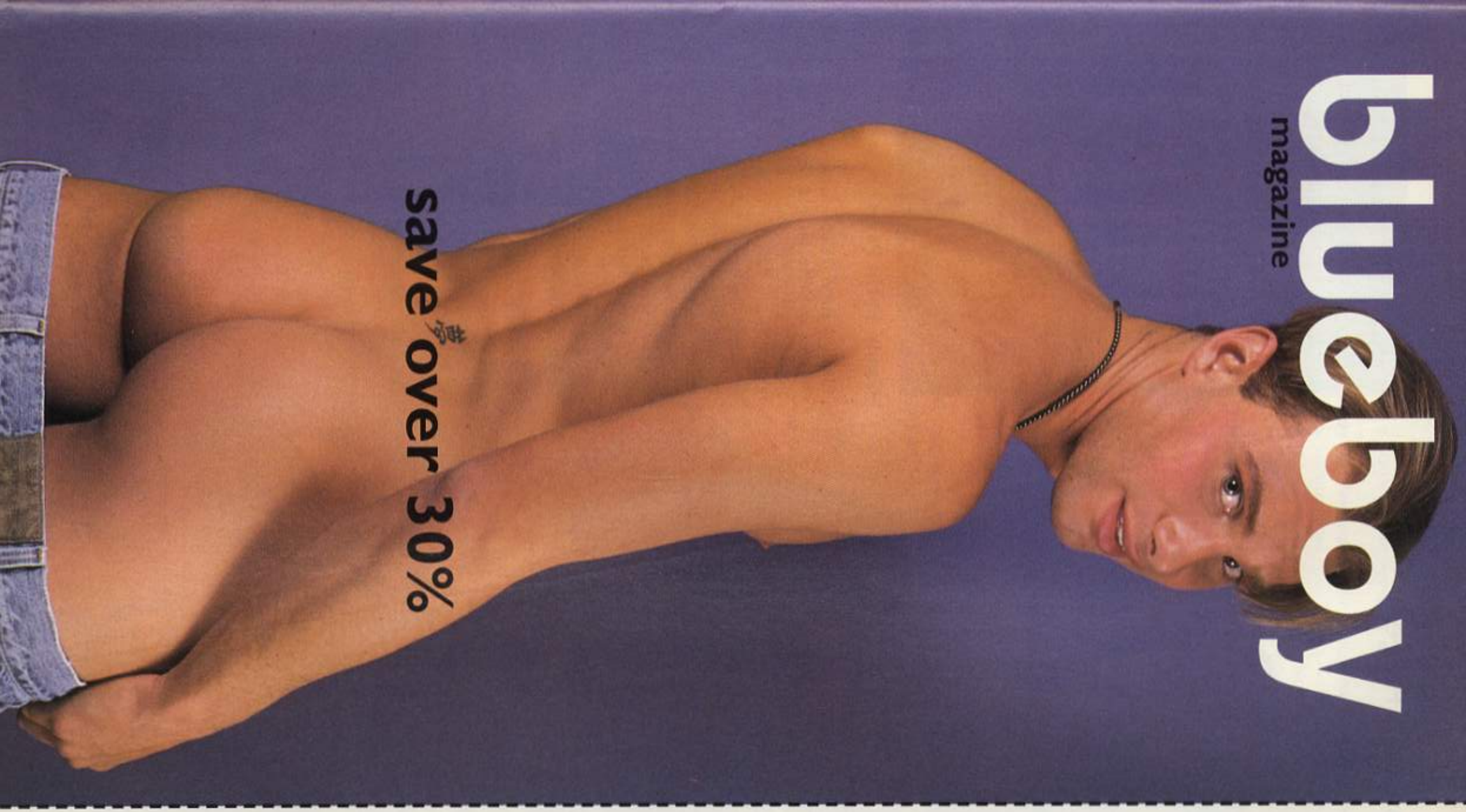

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hot gossip

By Cinnamon Paige

Candle In His Pants

Elton John's tribute song to the late Princess of Wales made a hell of a lot of money. That's not the issue here, the issue is Keith Richards from the Rolling Stones making stupid ass wise cracks. This ignoramus said that Elton is "losing his touch and creativity, he only writes songs for dead blondes." When this horrible news reached Elton he barked back, "I'm glad I don't drink or do drugs because I would look like Keith." Elton has great respect for the Stones but he wishes that they would get rid of the monkey who plays the guitar.

Oh heavens to Betsy! I forgot to tell you Elton's middle name is Hercules because he claims to be hung like a horse. Yes Babies, Elton said his manhood reminds him of a horse. You get the picture now don't you? He's no English Rose-Bud.

CC: Don't look at me, I just write this stuff, if he says he's hung then he's hung. I just hope he doesn't disappoint his lover (who appeared with him on "The Nanny") in the bedroom, if so he's going to have to change is name to pinky.

If you have any questions and/or comments -OR- you simply want to get something off your chest... drop Cinnamon a line.

Cinnamon Paige

Blueboy - Hot Gossip

12 West 27th Street, 14th Floor, New York, NY 10001

Don't Look In the Freezer

Mickey Rourke seems to be a tough guy but that all changed when he found his pet bird Lorenzo dead. For 12 years Mickey has had this beautiful bird, so you can imagine the pain he feels right now. Not ready to part with his produce, Mickey decided to place it in the freezer until he was ready to cope with the loss.

CC: Well, the only thing I'm going to say is I'm glad his "whatever" Carre' Otis talked him into taking the bird out the freezer. Can you just imagine?....that bird probably was solid as a rock. I wouldn't want to be a guest at his house for Easter dinner.

She's Family

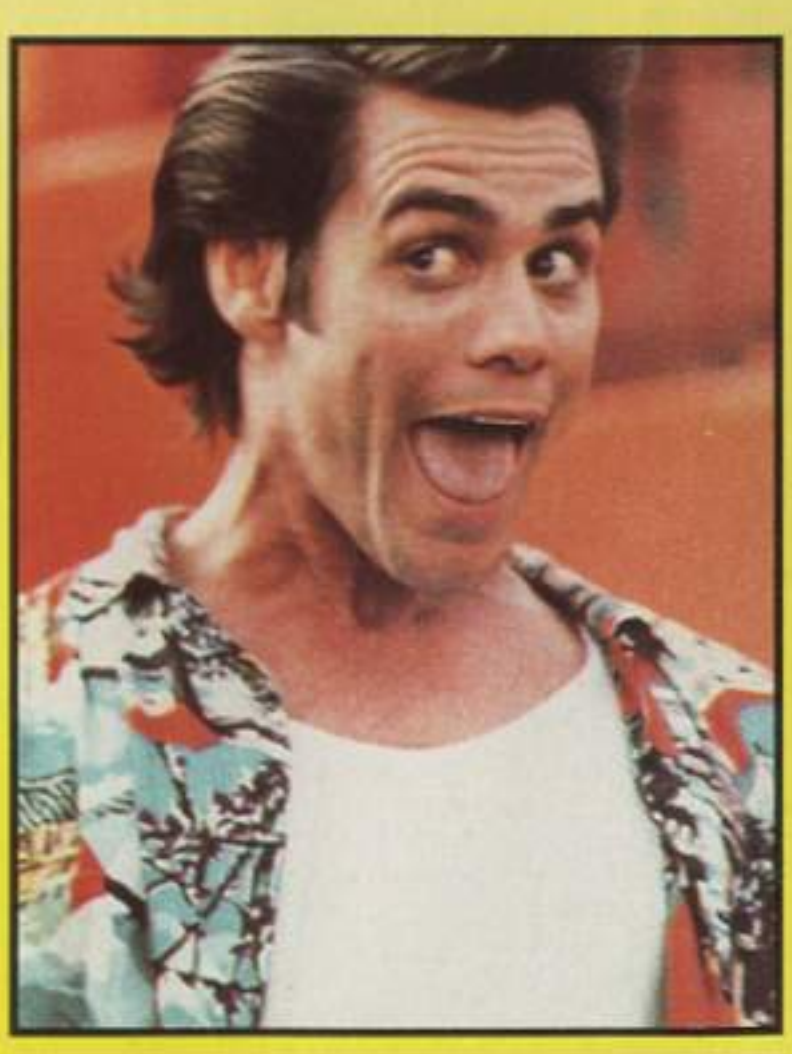
Alanis Morisette likes girls! So there, I said it. In an interview she confessed her deep dark secret. It wasn't a secret for those who possess a strong gaydar. She declared that she's looking for a companion of the female persuasion....work mama! It's also reported that masculine boys turn her off totally, "if I had to date a guy he has to have feminine qualities," said Alanis.

CC: I just have one question for you girl, may I have one of your jagged little pills? They seem to work when it comes to telling the truth. Work princess!!!!

We're Too Busy!

Jay Kay, lead singer of the group Jamiroqui broke it off with Winona Ryder. They've been dating for only four weeks and now it's splitsville. Don't be sad for these two cutie pies, they both came to the same conclusion. They're to busy for each other, Winona is always filming and Jay is always on tour.

CC: Can you say Duh...?! Work with me people. You two experienced this before you started dating, this to me is called wasted time and energy. If you want a lover you must seek someone who is not in the entertainment business as yourself or vice versa. Whatever!



Get a Real Job!

Well the votes are finally in and I agree 100%, don't get me wrong it's hard work to pretend to be an actor. Don't hate me I just report the facts and the truth shall set us free. Enough of my cynical remarks this is serious business. Below are the losers for worst performance as an actor. The envelope puh....leez!

Winners	# of Votes
Tori Spelling	608
Jim Carrey	446
Pauley Shore	333
Elizabeth Berkely	177

CC: Anyway you get the point, the above winners do not affect my overall respect for them. Even though we hate to admit, we do crave for Jim Carrey's "Ace Ventura" sequels. I must admit, I do love watching Elizabeth shake her ass in "Showgirls," Work Diva! Pauley Shore's hair drives the young guys wild. On that note all I can say is keep up the good work guys, HA HA!

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MERCURY STUDIO

Cole Tucker

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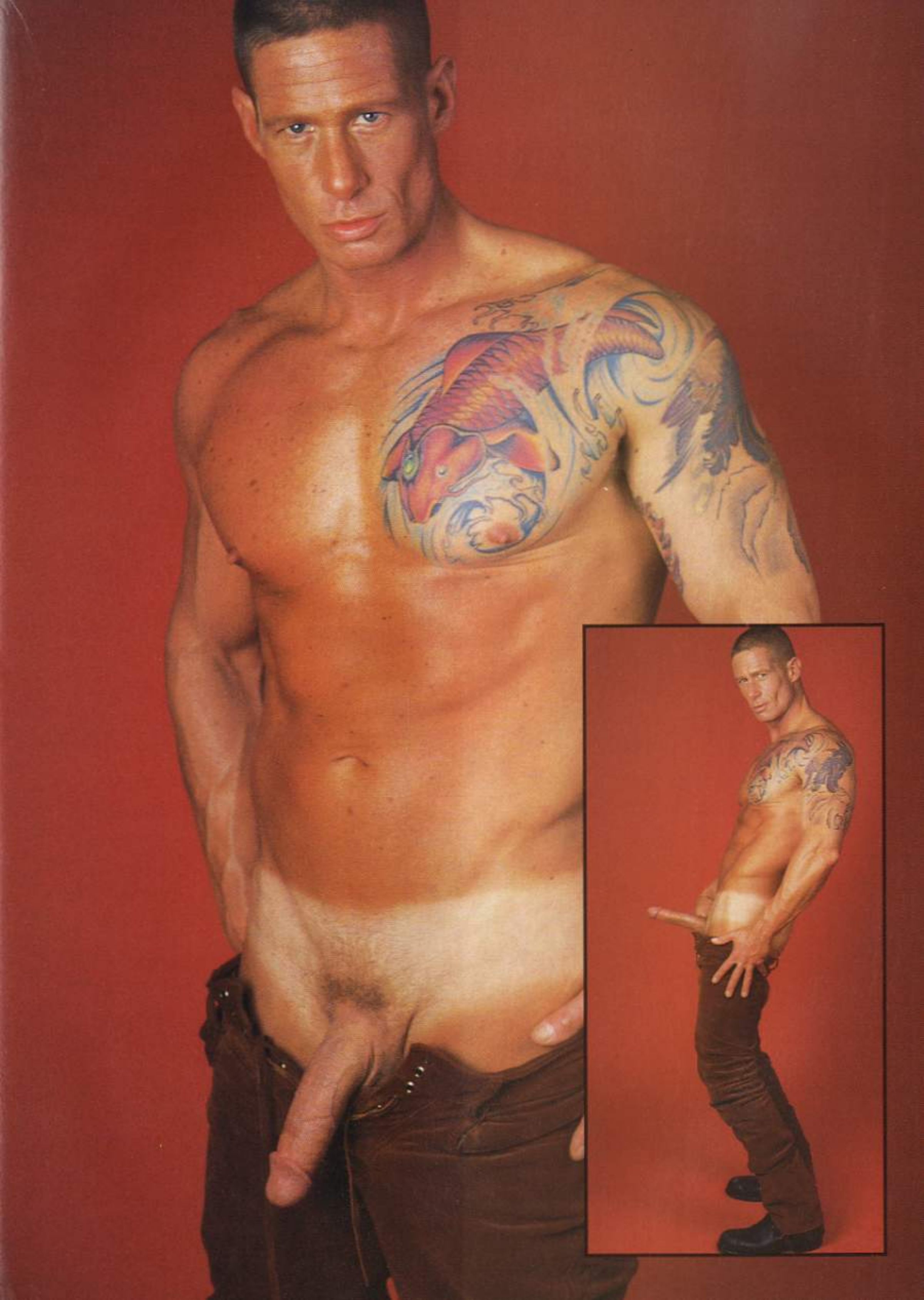

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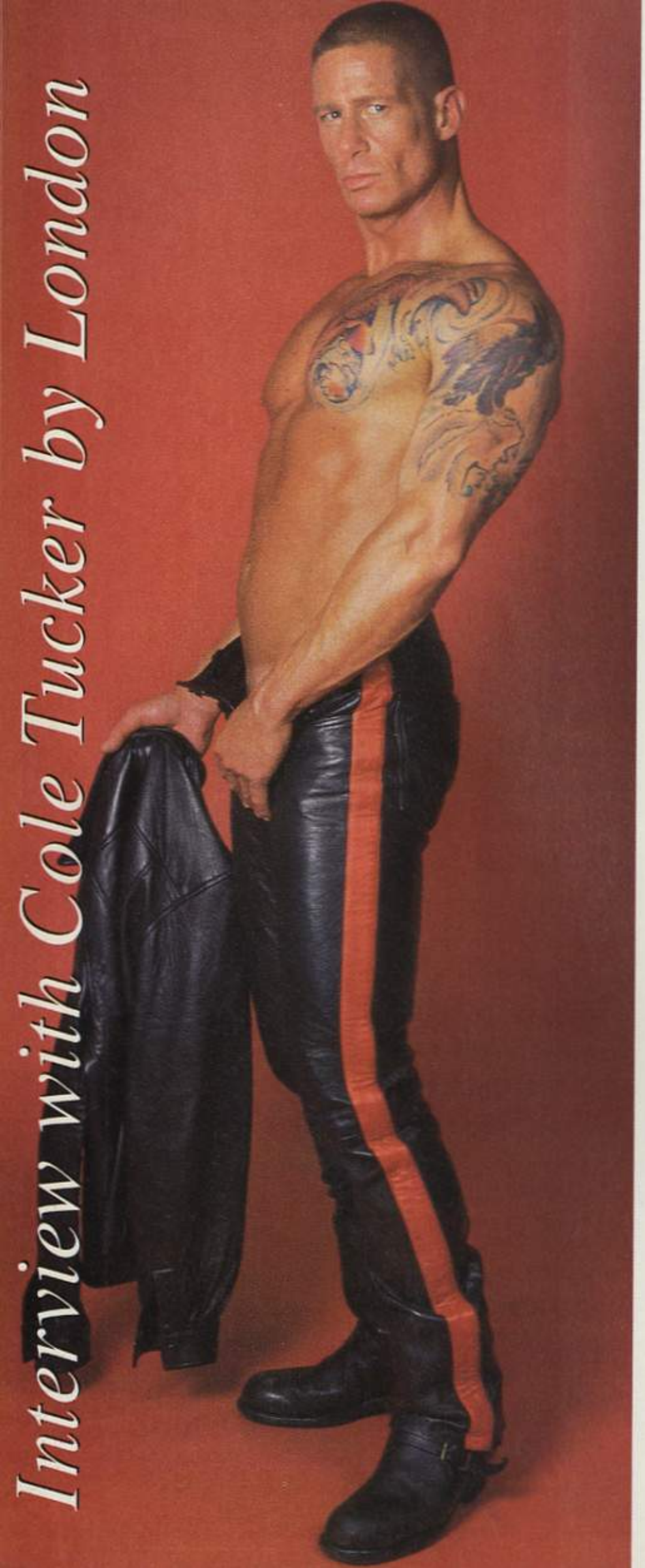
Interview with Cole Tucker by London



It's pretty unusual to find someone who would start any career in their mid-forties, let alone a career as a porno star. After my telephone interview with hunky, daddy, Cole Tucker, I quickly learned that there's not much usual about him. At 44, Cole is climbing the sexual corporate ladder after an 17 year hiatus from the porn industry -- his initial introduction was in a layout here in *Blueboy* in May 1981 as a candidate for the *Blueboy Man of the Year Contest*. One thing's for sure about Cole, what you see is definitely what you get. All of that raw, animal sexuality that he exudes on screen, he exuded just as powerfully through the phone wires of a long distance telephone call. I only wish I could have experienced it live, one on one, man to man.

How did you get involved in the industry the first time around?
I lived in Provincetown when I was 19 with my lover and bartended for a while there at a bar. One thing led to another and I eventually entered the Mr. Ptown contest in 1980 or '81 and the layout came from all of that.

Why didn't you pursue a career in the industry at that time?
It was a very interesting experience, but I was uncomfortable with it. At that age, I wasn't mature enough to handle it all.

What have you been doing between then and now?
I got a professional job in the Northeast and pursued a "normal" gay life.

What brought you back into the industry?
Close to two years ago, I went to San Francisco to visit a photographer acquaintance, Greg Day, during the Folsom Street Fair. He didn't recognize me at all because I had this new look -- buzzed hair, tattoos, a beefier body. While at the Fair, I was scouted by someone from Hot House Studios. I did my first film, which was an underground leather/fetish movie for Hot House. Greg took some pictures of me while I was in San Francisco and they were sent to Chi Chi LaRue at Falcon. I did my first mainstream movie, *Down on Me*, which was directed by Chi Chi for Falcon's Mustang division. One thing lead to another and here I am today.

How was your appearance changed through the years?
When I did my first shoot for this magazine, I was a 28 year old guy. I had a very all-American, conservative, boy-next-

door look then, up until I turned 40; then I totally changed. I decided to be the man I wanted to be and look how I felt on the inside. I buzzed my hair, got the tattoo. I got serious about my workouts, my diet and hired a trainer and my body changed incredibly. All without steroids.

What's the story behind your tattoo?
I have always been turned on by men with tattoos. Tough guys. So, when I started being the man I was on the inside, I got my first one. It's been a work in progress for about a year and a half.

It looks very intricate. Exactly what is it?
There is a Japanese Eagle on my arm, swirling water falling around it from my arm to my shoulder, a Japanese Coi on my chest, and a Japanese flower under my arm. It is truly a work of art. I can't imagine not having it now. It's a part of me.

What was it like doing your first film?
It was a lot different than I imagined it would be. It's hard work -- no pun intended. You would expect it to be like having really hot sex with a really hot guy, but it's not. You're being filmed, there's all of these people around, your being told how to move, what to do; but it's all very professional. I was surprised at how professional the whole thing was.

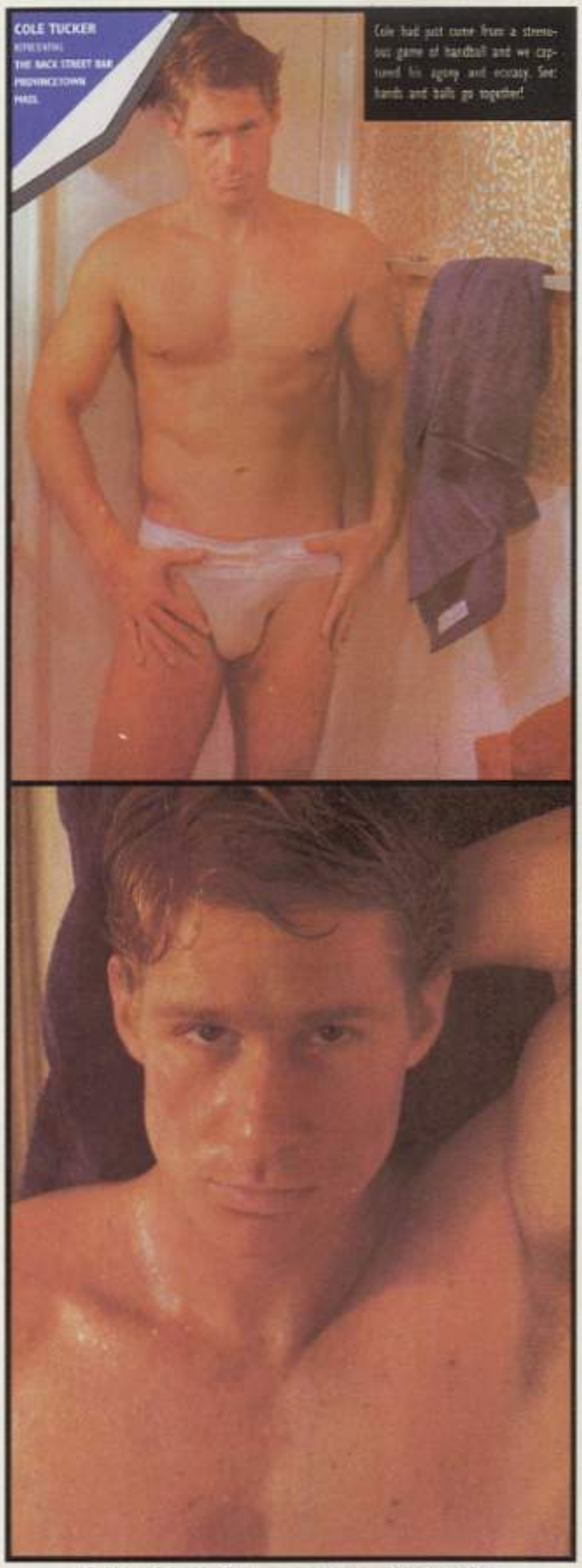
What's your favorite scene in which you've performed in a film?
The scene with Kyle McKenna in *Down on Me*. It's really a hot scene. We both really let go and really got into it. It felt just as good as it looks.

You have an aggressive "Daddy" image. Will you be versatile in future films?
I give and receive in my forthcoming films. I like to give and receive pleasure. The aggressiveness doesn't go away though. Getting fucked can be and is very masculine.

What types of things are you into off camera?
Sweaty, hot, raw natural sex. Tit play. Ass eating. Deep throating. A little handball. I like it nasty.

What's your favorite part of a man?
His ass. I like to eat ass. Slap it. Play with it. I like the same done to me.

What turns you on?
Turning the other person on turns me on the most. If I can get someone to let go and have raw, natural, animal sex ... that's the best.


COLE TUCKER
THE BACK STREET BAR
PROVINCETOWN
MASS.
Cole had just come from a strenuous game of handball and we captured his agony and ecstasy. See: hands and balls go together!

Blueboy Magazine May '81

What's your favorite porno movie of all time?
LA Tool and Die. It's natural, unscripted sex. Raw sexual energy. It's hot.

Who would you like to work with in the future?
John Rutherford, a director at Falcon. And Ace Harden. He's a very hot, sexy man. He really floats my boat. I would love to do a scene with him.

What do you want to come from all this?
This is just a way for me to express my sexuality. What you see on screen is me -- I'm a very sexual person. The way I see it, as far as my porn career is concerned, I'm either at the end of the beginning or the beginning of the middle. But if it were all to end today, I've had a very satisfying experience. I want people to see that you can be a sexual being and express it no matter how old you are. Life isn't over at 35. The whole thing has been a fantasy come true. bb

MERCURY STUDIO

Cole Tucker

blueboy 20 magazine

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SHANA ...The Brazilian Bombshell!

DRAG QUEEN USA

By Ari Gold

Is drag over? In the last two years, drag was everywhere: It was in mainstream blockbusters like, *To Wong Foo, Thanks For Everything Jule Newmar* and *The Birdcage*, RuPaul was named the Queen of all Media, even conservative mayor Rudy Giuliani of New York City was dressed up as Marylin Monroe. Drag has also been all the rage in that ivory tower known as the academy, where grad students from all over the country were examining drag to see what it could tell us about sex and gender. Recently, on a talk show, Cindy Crawford told America that models learn from drag queens how to work the runway. It was written somewhere that every generation has one drag queen, be it Milton Burle in the 60's, Divine in the 70's, Boy George in the 80's and RuPaul in the 90's. So if this generation has seen the drag boom come and go, and if homophobic legislators such as Giuliani can co-opt this practice without anyone batting even an eyelash, what is left for drag?

Ari Gold and Girlina

Most of the queens I spoke to were less than bothered about the mainstreaming of drag. Miss "Lady" Bunny, a queen who started drag with RuPaul and is now the the most respected, powerful and quick witted queens around remarks, "I'm making a living off of it! I wasn't appearing in national ad campaigns [Naya Water] until the explosion happened...so keep on exploding!" Bunny, who sings and writes her own songs, ("with a verse, chorus and bridge," she insists) like "Shame, Shame, Shame" and her forthcoming "Pussycat Song" continues, "It's enabling me to be able to do the only thing I can do—well, I also suck a mean cock. I might not look like much anymore but when the lights are off and my teeth come out it's a whole different story!" Miss Understood, a technicolor goddess who sports big hair that is sometimes florescent pink, other times baby blue—with heels to match—feels that "drag in the last few years has gotten more sedate. People talk about the "drag explosion," well, it never happened. Who are we talking about? *Mrs. Doubtfire?* The kind of drag that I like has never exploded."

Drag is far from being over. Mainstream culture knows very little about drag, despite the aforementioned films and the high visibity of RuPaul. This is related to the fact that the roots of drag, the best of drag, has always remained deep within the gay subculture. But while the mainstream remains mostly clueless, drag is evolving faster and becoming more fiercely competitive than ever before. In order to make a name as a queen, you need to have more than an ounce of talent. Now that "And I'm Telling You I'm Not Going" has been performed more than enough times for anyone in the audience to lip-sync it themselves, the queens who make it today need to have something all their own to set them above the rest, be it something completely new and fresh, or putting a new twist on classic drag material. Some performers distinguish themselves from an older generation of queens referring to themselves as "gender illusionists" or simply, "entertainers."

Queens today have higher aspirations, they aim to reach beyond gay audiences and cross over to the mainstream. And why not? Varla Jean Merman, a captivating cabaret performer who describes herself as the bastard child of Ernest Borgnine and Ethel Merman just had a sold out show at Carnegie Hall, Kevin Aviance, a bald, black, gender dyshphoric super freak, who has toured the globe with producer/remixer/Uber-DJ Jr.Vasquez,

scored a number one dance single, "Din Da Da," and Girlina can soon be seen in John Singleton's new film with Jada Pinkett. Besides making records, drag queens, like Honey Dijon, aka Miss Honey D. are also spinning records and becoming sought after DJ's. Drag queens are directing and writing their own theater productions like scene veteran Linda Simpson's "the Trannie Chase" that had a too-short successful run at the New York downtown performance space P.S. 122. Other queens have their own Web sites, or even shows on cable access TV. L.A. based, self described blacktress, Dr. Vaginal Creme Davis puts out a video magazine, has her own one woman show that she tours with and three (!) punk rock bands, one, called PME, in which she does white militia man drag.

Still, queers in most major American cities do not need to look further than their own "gay backyards" for the sharpest, fiercest and most entertaining drag around. In other cities such as Boston, Afrodite, a black, muscular, lip-syncing diva, who started in New York puts together a drag show at Avalon on Sundays. Miami has a burgoning drag scene with the likes of Sexilia and Leslie Quick as well as established queens like Kitty Meow. Vaginal Creme Davis, the larger than life Channel twins and of course, porn queen, director, Chi Chi La Rue, have taken L.A. by storm. In San Francisco, which some say started the avant garde drag scene, you can see some of the best Latino drag in places like Esta Noche as well as performance artist Reginald Lamar and of course, The Sisters of Perpetual Indulgance, those nuns on rollerskates. Overseas, H.R.H. Princess Shequida Ryzell de la Nuit (say that ten times in a row), who claims to have never once read a porn magazine or even seen a porn flik because she "prefers live flesh" is taking the breath away from audiences throughout Europe with her Julliard trained five octave range opera and jazz vocal stylings. Shana: The Brazilian Bombshell travels back and forth from New York to Brazil giving Brazilians a little taste of Latino New York, and giving New Yorkers some of that Brazilian flavor.

But New York remains the premier place to see the most well-known, diverse and inspiring drag performers all in a single day. "Wigstock," founded by Miss "Lady" Bunny, a pioneer in discovering new drag talent, is drag's biggest event. When a queen has been asked to perform at Wigstock, she can finally say to herself, "I've made it—I'm a star." People come from all over the world to celebrate the hugely successful day in New York, when getting "pressed" is the norm even among straight audience members. After a hiatus last year due to some trouble "Lady" Bunny had with the city, Wigstock was back, better than ever (albeit with a $10 cover charge) this past Labor Day.

This year's Wigstock boasted the usual drag suspects like Lypsinka, Flotilla DeBarge, Lily of the Valley, Joey Arias and Raven-0. Candis Cayne turned it out with a splashy old school Broadway number with a twist—men danced with men, women with women and Candis at the center. But the showstopper was the first time Wigstock performer, Kevin Aviance, who could be called an avatar of avant garde drag. Kevin arrived on stage via spaceship and proceeded to perform her two dance hits, "Cunty" and "Din Da Da" with drag backup dancers and voguers, who made you realize that vogue is still an artform worth reckoning with, despite Madonna's attempts to commodify it into a passing trend. Kevin, looking as beautifully freakish as usual, dressed all in space-age silver, taught his "children" in the audience, that "some people call this church!"

Miss Understood

But if your looking for something more regular than a once a year event, Barracuda, a hip and loungy neighborhood bar in the Chelsea area of New York is now leading the pack in "serving" you top of the line drag entertainment every day of the week. Sherry Vine and Jackie Beat have a game show on Wednesday Night, and Candis Cayne, who steals the spotlight from RuPaul in Ru's new video, interprets everyone's favorite divas on Monday Night. The leader of the pack, though, is Mona Foot, a glamourous, super hero-like black lip smacking momma who's known to consume a large quantity of alcohol in a very short time. Mona Foot, like Bunny, discovers talent with her legendary show, "Star Search" which has spawned the likes of Girlina, Mistress Formika, Flotilla DeBarge, and Sherry Vine back when it was at the now famous (or infamous, depending on who you ask) downtown East Greenwich Village establishment know as the Crow Bar. Mona is currently "searching for the stars of tomorrow today" in Chelsea at Barracuda where queens like The Mighty Three, Serena Dubois, Cunta and Roderick Laverne are rising to the top. Drag hopefulls and

wannabe's can be seen every week, on Star Search—and if you can get through Mona "reading" you and ripping you to shreds, you can get through anything.

But why do we like drag so much? Is it the glamour? The costumes? The make-up? The sharp tongues? It is all that and much more. Drag is as much an artform as anything else, and like any good art, it critiques the culture in which we live. The brilliantly abject Justine Bond, who came out of the San Francisco scene, is doing quite a musical send-up of all those juicy current events from JonBenet Ramsey to Heaven's Gate at Flamingo East on Sundays. Justine also did a stunt for Madonna's birthday, with Jackie Beat, which did not end amicably between the drag stars and the disrespectful material mother. Justine says that, "Drag Queens are the rag pickers of culture at large. Rumaging through their trash and turning their turds into precious jewels."

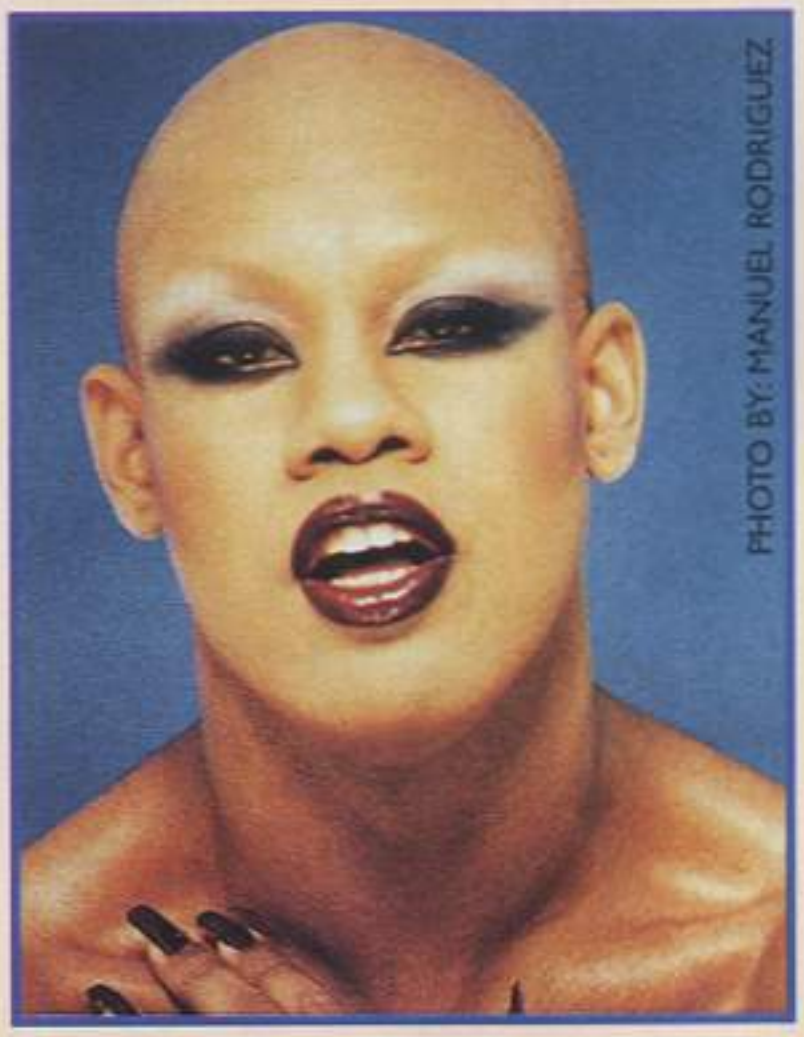


PHOTO BY: MANUEL RODRIGUEZ

Kevin Aviance

When watching Girlina perform with her unique moves, energy and good old-fashioned gusto, the strict division that straight culture creates between "men" and "women" quickly falls apart and we see the beauty, allure and glamour of androgeny, or as Girlina terms it, "gender illusion." Girlina who says she "likes long walks in the park and feminine deodrant," explains what she does with gentle modesty, "It's an homage to our own culture. Straight culture has their entertainers, and we have ours. Eliminating labels would take away a lot of drama. But then again faggotry loves drama." When asked about any upcoming projects, Girlina quips, "I'm admitting myself into the Betty Ford Center" even though everyone is dancing to her new dance single, "Hooker Alert," and can be seen in two new films, *Always Something Better* by Miramax and *Woo* the new John Singlton film starring Jada Pinkett as well as the upcoming short film, *Tree Shade*.

Lady Bunny

But drag not only pokes fun of mainstream culture and popular culture. Drag also works as a critique of our own gay culture from within. Mona Foot never lets the white muscle clones off the hook as she insensately makes fun of the Chelsea boys who only worship white, muscular bodies and who keep themselves ghettoized. "On 8th Avenue, from 14 street to 23rd street, you Chelsea queens walk back and forth, back and forth." Mistress Formika has been the leading queen to get gay, lesbian, straight and everything in between, together in one place in a charming firetrap called "Sqeezebox" on Friday.

Misstress has also been on a crusade to fight the closing down of many gay bars in New York due to what the Giuliani administration has called "quality of life" campaign. The Mayor's idea of cleaning up New York City includes hassling gay owned businesses, shutting down sex clubs and making it harder to put on a wig and perform for drunk faggots. (The Mayor is most defintely not thinking of the queer quality of life.) Sherry Vine says of Giuliani, "He is definitley not getting to the heart of it. There must be somthing worse in this city than guys jerking off." "Lady" Bunny, who says that she thinks she's personally responsible for the crackdown speaks candidly and unapologeticaly saying that she's "been missing club kid murderer Michael Alig" not because she wants more deaths in the clubs but because "he was one of the few people who had imagination and a spark." Bunny continues, "There was so much debouchery in the clubs—and I'm talking personally here too, we were snorting coke with one hand and jerking some guy off with the other. By the end of the night my boogers were worth fifty dollars!"

What gets lost in all the media attention, both positive and negative, is how remarkably diverse drag is. "I never had an interest in doing normal drag," says Miss Understood. "People think drag is about looking like a woman. It doesn't have to be about realness, it's just about looking good. Pleasant to the eye—or at least jarring to the eye. For me, drag is very visual. I put a lot into the way I look. I don't just put on any old thing and expect to get paid." Candis Cayne has graced the cover of other magazines including New York Magazine and has choreographed and appeared in *Stonewall*, the movie, does something quite different from Miss Understood. "There are different forms of drag," explains this hyperreal strawberry blond stunner. "I think its important for the full spectrum to be represented. There are clown drag queens and there's someone like me who is transexual. I don't consider myself a drag

queen, but I perform in clubs. It doesn't matter if your a drag queen or perfomer—as long as your good at what you do it shouldn't matter." Currently Candis is shooting, *Glorice*, an Independant feature in which she plays the title role. "It's about a girl...with a twist," she smirks. Despite her developing movie career, Candis still feels dedicated to the club scene and performing. "The club scene is in a lull right now," she says sadly, "Clubs used to cultivate talent. Eventually it will reinvent itself. I just want to keep performing. I'll never stop. It's what I love."

Many queens see what they do as political. "I think it's important for people to be exposed to drag queens," says Miss Understood "because it counteracts the negative stereotype that gay people are like everyone else. It's ridiculous when gay people say drag queens shouldn't march in the parade. A parade is supposed to be colorful. And of course the media is going to focus on us, just like they focus on the floats in the Thanksgiving Day Parade. Every culture has rituals and aspects that are colorful and outrageous. Are the hasidic Jews being asked not to march in the Israeli Day Parade?" "Lady" Bunny is quick to remind that "Conservative gays will poo-poo drag, forgetting that drag queens started the fight for gay rights. They complain that drag queens get all the attention—well, get a look together and people will start photographing *you*!"

The multi-faceted, singer, actress, writer, blond white trash, Sherry Vine uses drag as an artform but feels that "a man in dress is inherently political." Miss Vine, who started "Theater Couture" a theater company that has put on such downtown cult faves as "The Bad Weed 73" and "Charlie!" is happy that drag is becoming more mainstream. She says, "I'm one of the few people that couldn't be happier. We make a better living. People say, Oh you're selling out and it's like yeah, I like to pay rent and eat. Charles Busch always said that the artistry is to find new avenues to take drag in." Sherry can be seen in two films that have just premiered at Cannes, one called, "Francesca Page" with Varla Jean and Rosie DiPalma and "Scream Teen Scream" with Jackie Beat. Her latest show also with Jackie Beat, is called "Tell-tale" directed by Joshua Rosenweig, written by Erik Jackson, which is making its way up to Off-Broadway. She can also be heard on the "God Shave The Queen," a compilation CD of drag queens that do their own singing, which besides Miss Vine, also includes, Joey Arias, who channels Billie Holliday, "Lady" Bunny and gender bending glam rocker Lilli of the Valley. Sherry thinks that the future of drag looks hopeful. "Just when you think you've seen it all," she continues, "something new comes along and you're reminded, oh my God, there's so much out there."

Shana

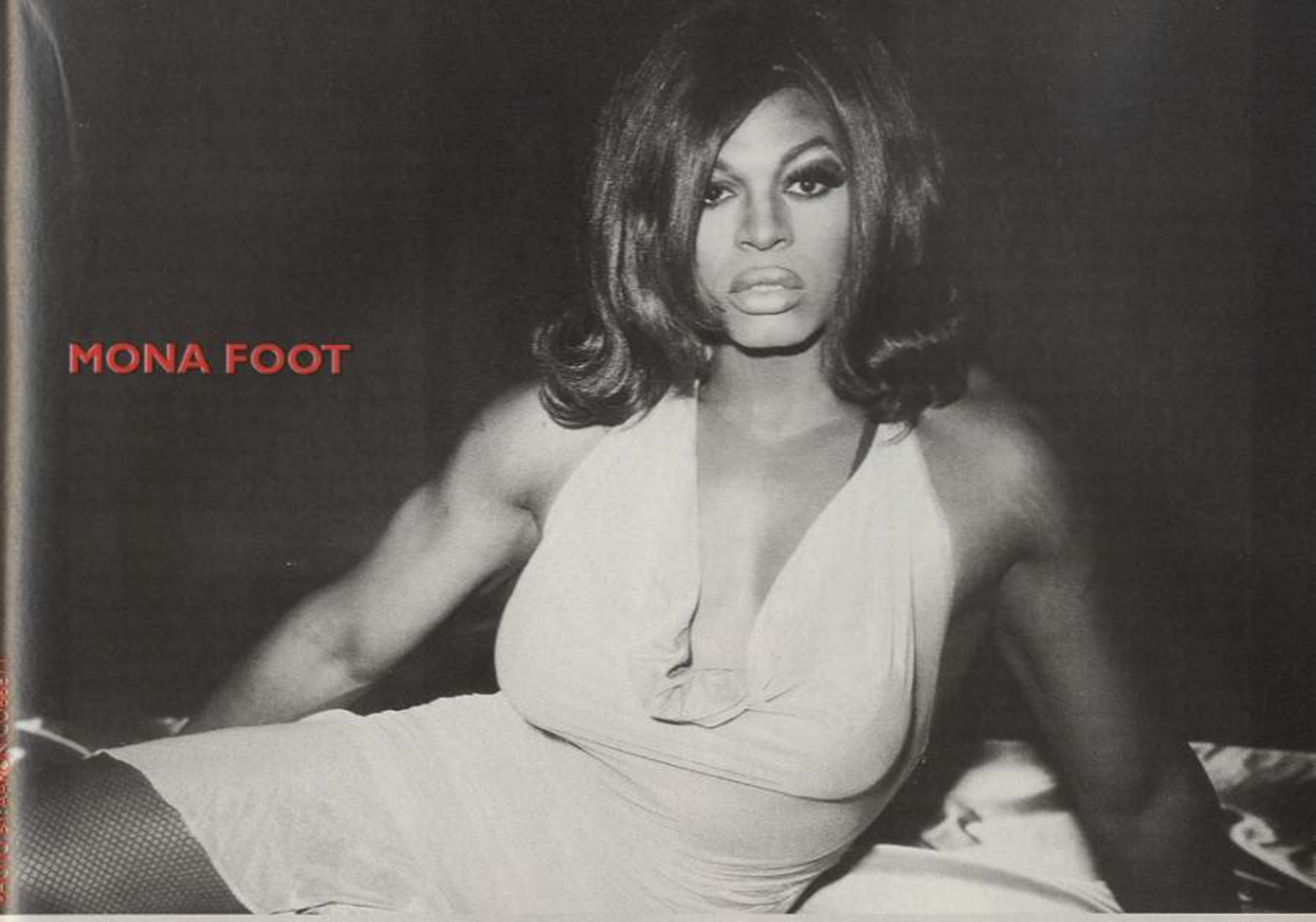
Recently a major event in drag history took place at Barracuda. Instead of "Star Search," Mona Foot conducted "Star Wars," where drag stars competed to be the super diva's of tomorrow. Sherry Vine and Mistress Formika have competed against each other, but not without the proper amount of drama. During the show, Mistress played a taped phone conversation of Sherry hiring a hit man to murder Mistress, so that Sherry would win by default! When Miss Understood competed against Candise Cayne a week later, Miss Understood actually performed as Candise and proceeded to tell Candise's life story—nose job, hormones and all! The "Star Wars" finals was judged by Voice gossip colomnist Michael Musto and other celebrity guests. At the "Star Wars" semi-finals, Mona asked the contestants, "What is the future of drag, and how does it relate to me?" Miss Understood answered, "Drag Queens will be replaced by computers, and Mona has been the first replacement." Reigning champion Afrodite, answered, "Mona will rule the planet."

Sherry Vine

So with burgening movie and music careers for these divas, what *is* the future of drag? Princess Shequida says, "I see drag becoming more respected as a profession instead of just a sideline freakshow thing." Justine Bond says bitterly, "There is no future for drag" After a hysterical cackle, he quickly interjects, "And be sure to tell the people at *Blueboy* that even though I'm a trannie I think they are hot hot hot!"

bb

Ari Gold has performed his own R&B songs in boy drag around NYC. He has also written articles for Next, Index and the NY Blade.



DRAG DICTIONARY

Drag queens have there own lingo. Gender illusionist, Girlina, is known to have embellished and created an entirely new vocabulary known as "Girlingo." Here are some key words you must know.

Cunty - adj. Ultra feminine, sexy. i.e., "I am feeling so cunty in this dress." Can also be used derogatorily, like bitchy. i.e., "Don't get cunty with me, you whore!"

Fierce - adj. most common word used by queens. Can be used in at least two different ways. One as the highest form of compliment, i.e., "You look fierce, tonight." Or as a way to say that someone is being a bit too "much" .i.e., "She's being a little too fierce, tonight."

Gagger - noun. The part of a story that's the most shocking, surprising, or incredible. i.e., "Wait till you here what happened after she passed out, that's the gagger!"

Helleu! - Stems from the word Hello. An exclamation, usually said after someone else says something you agree with which is also often an obvious but not unimportant fact. i.e., A: "Hedda Lettuce is so shady." B: "Helleu!"

KiKi - when two drag queens have sex with each other. Comes from a pre-Stonewall term for when two lesbian butches or two femmes get it on.

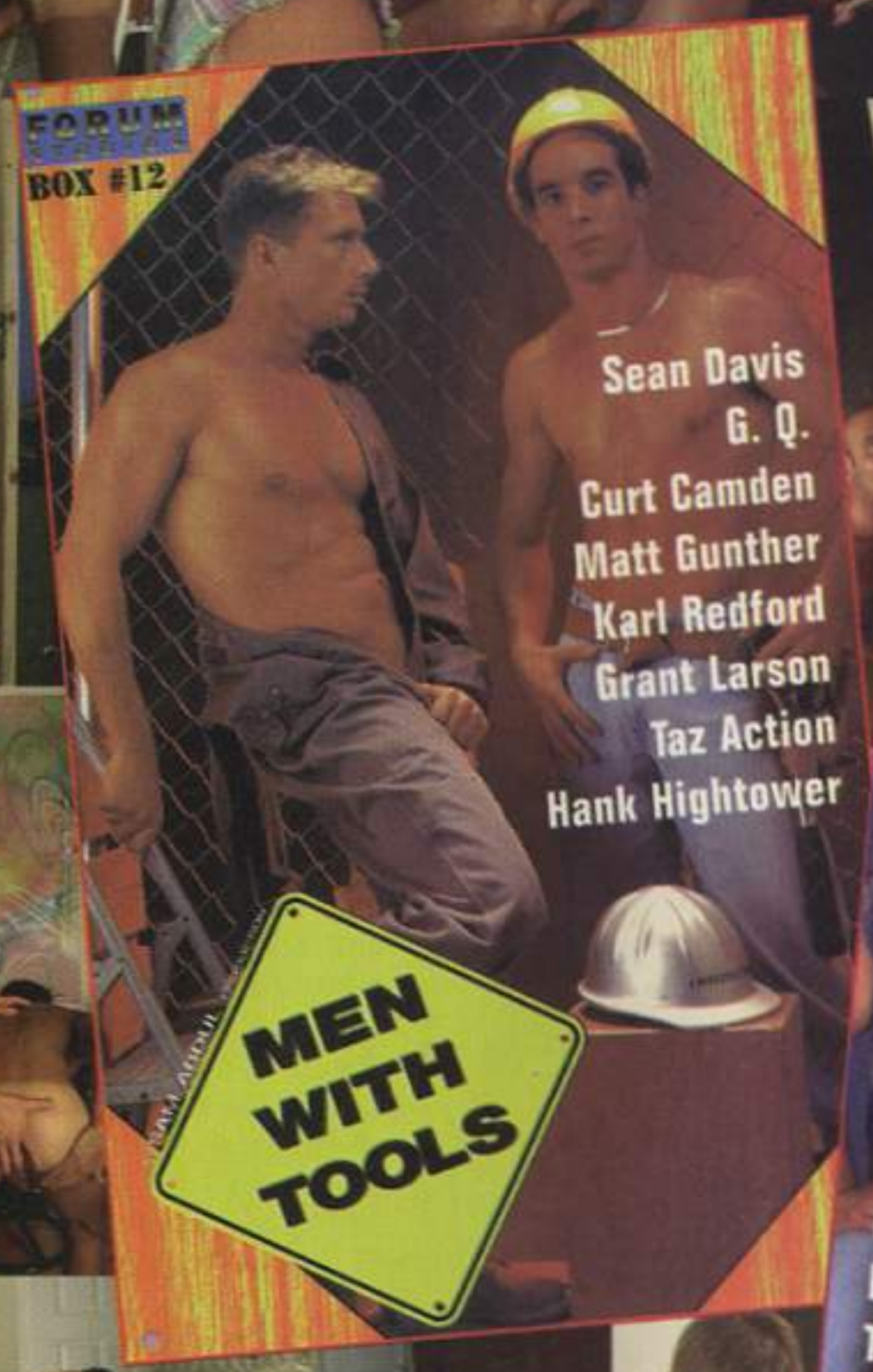
Ovah - adj. Comes from the word, Over. Can be used in two opposite ways. One, as an insult, that something had it's day, or to be finished with. i.e., "I'm so ovah her wearing that same outfit." Two, as something that is so fierce, it becomes the last word on the topic. i.e., "Those heels are the only heels. They're ovah."

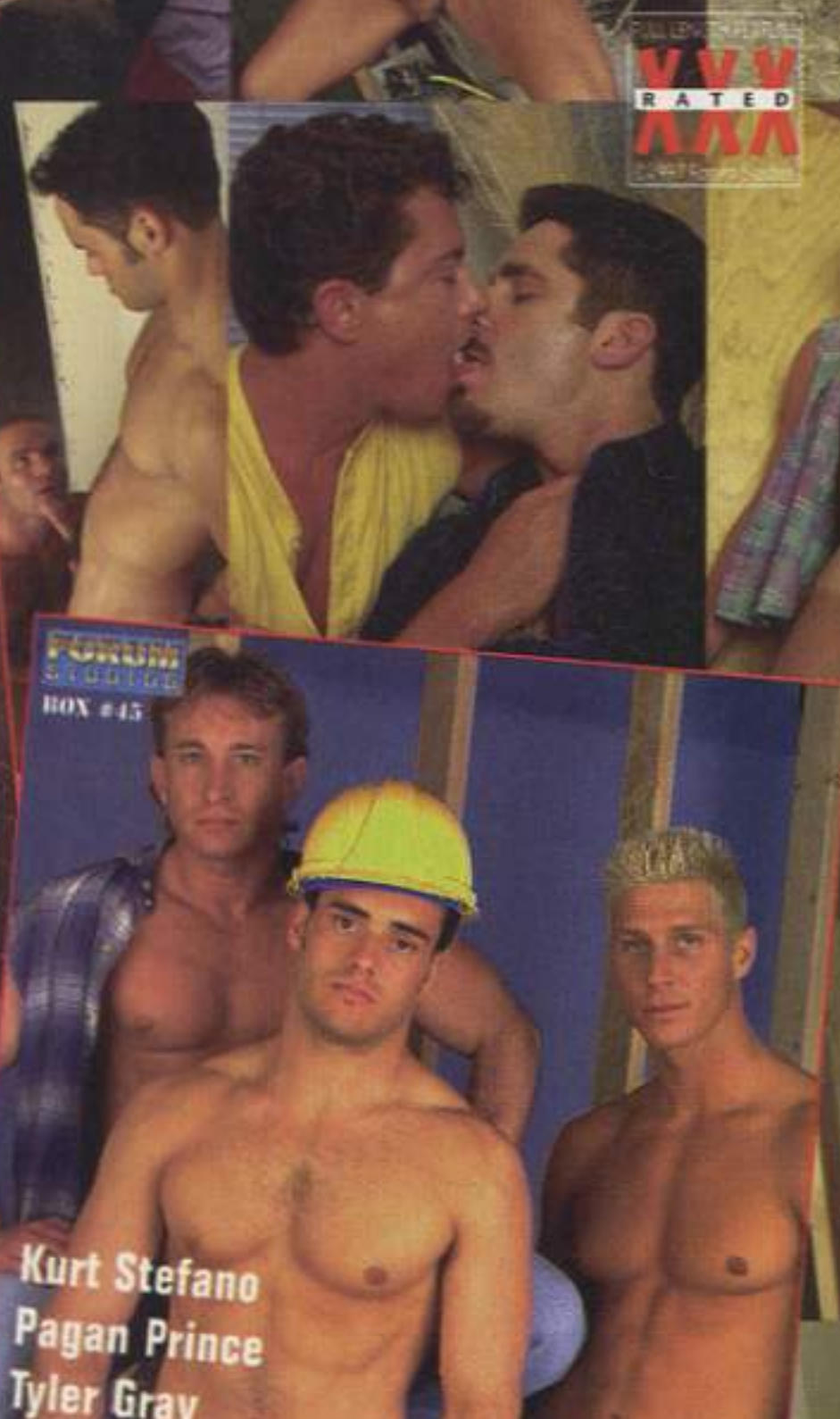
Pressed - when a queen is all made up, in full drag. i.e, "Are you going to the party pressed, because I definitely want to press up for this event!"

Read - can be used as a verb or noun. To criticize, to expose someone, to i.e., "Mona really read Laritza Dumont for only having two words in her vocabulary." or, "That was one fierce read Mona gave Laritza."

Shade, Shadey - adj. When someone is untrustworthy, or does things behind your back. "That queen is so shadey for stealing my number!" Also used as noun. i.e., "Don't be throwing shade on me behind my back, cause I'll cut you up!"

Tired - adj. worst insult you can get/give. Old, boring, uncool, not fierce. i.e., "That speech about love was tired! Everybody say hate!"





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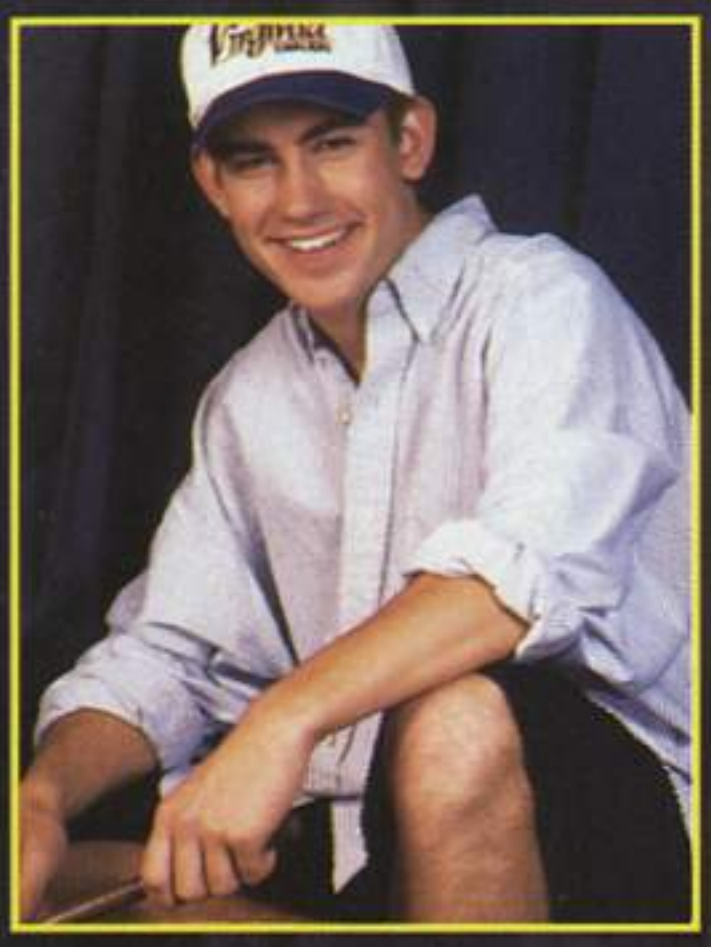

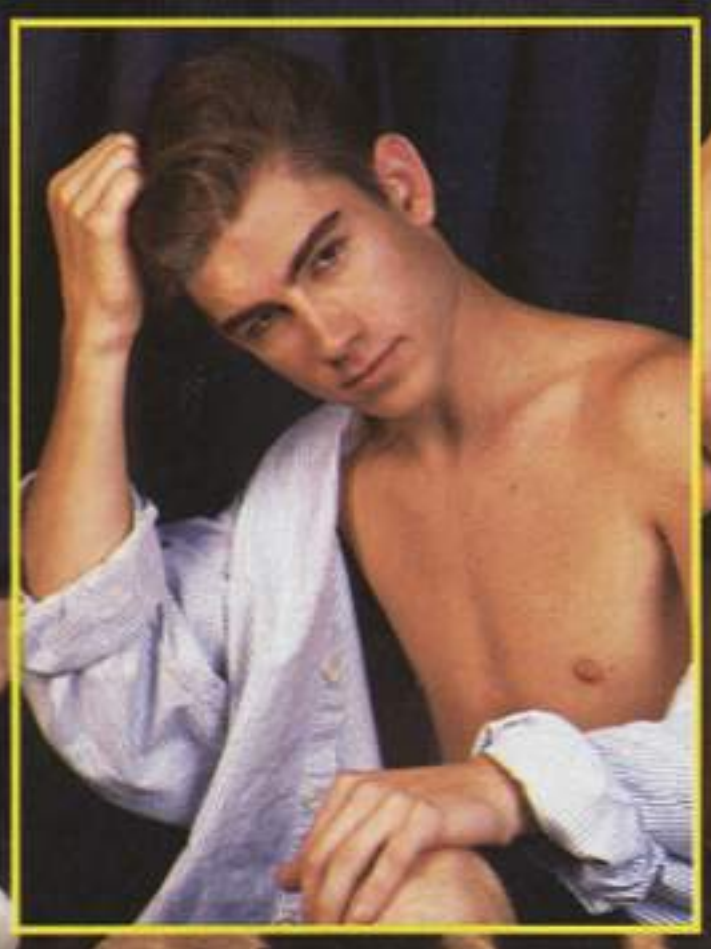

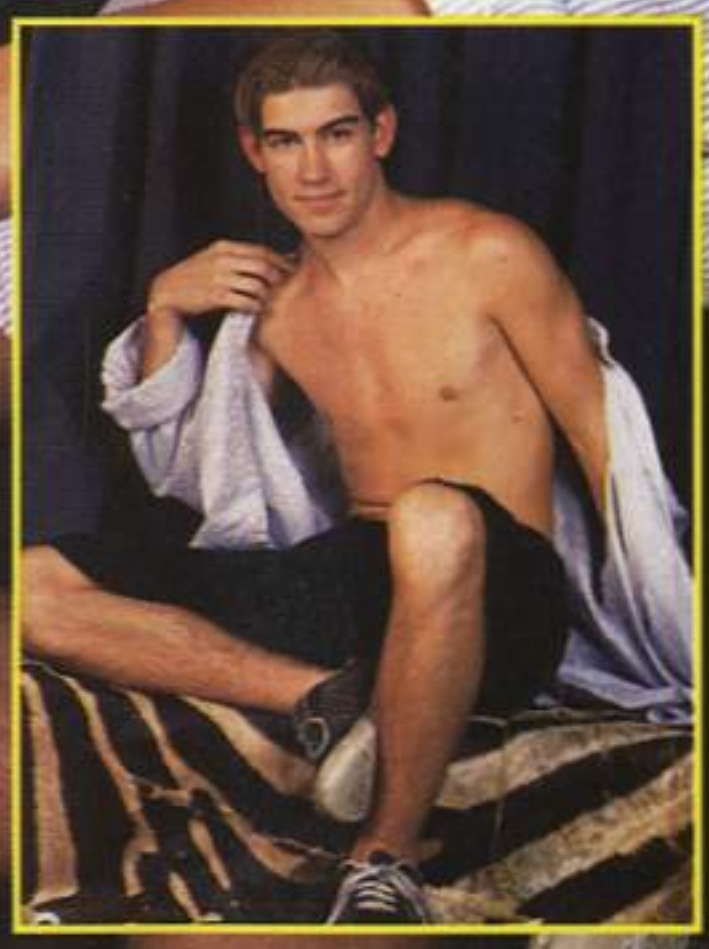

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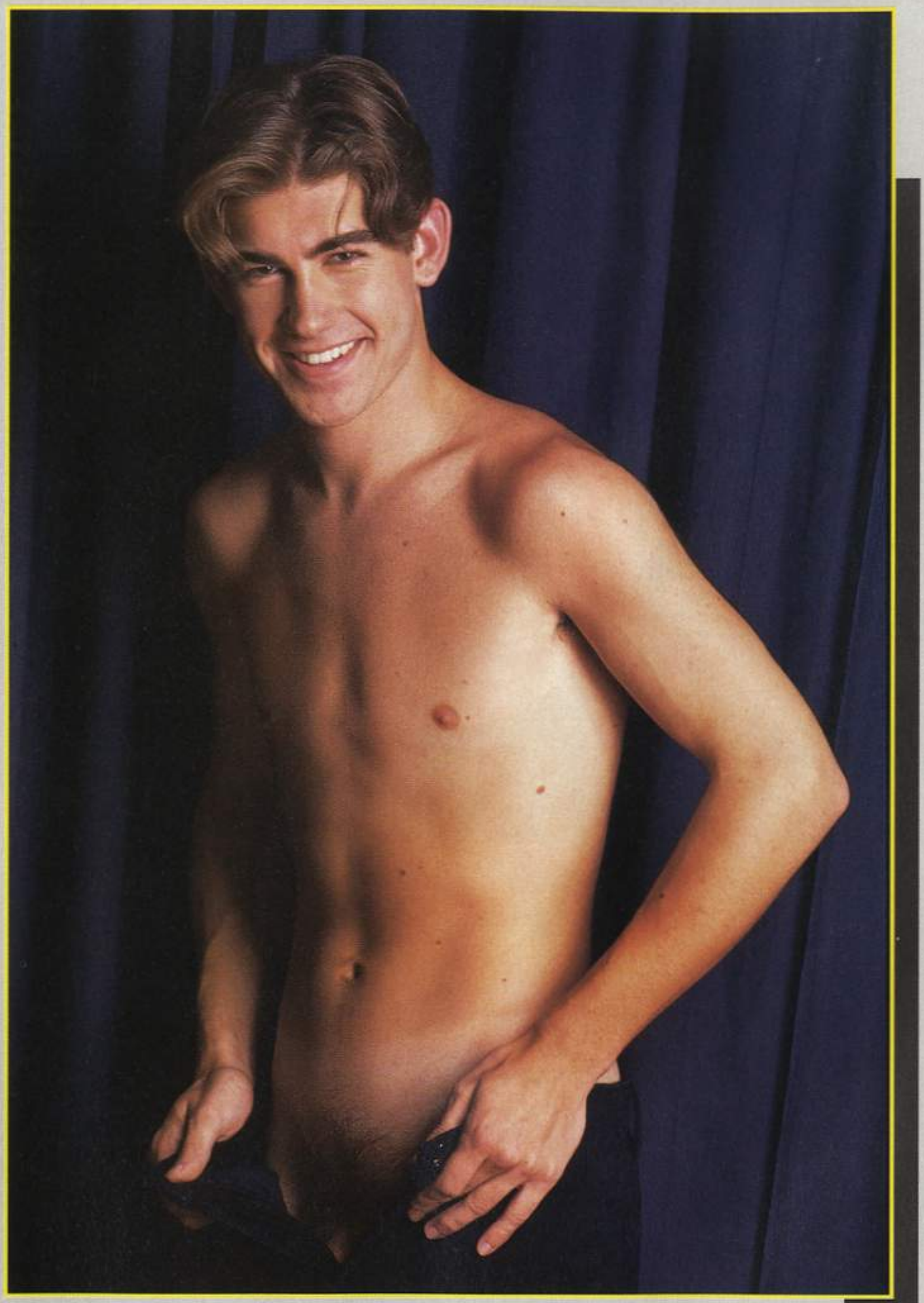

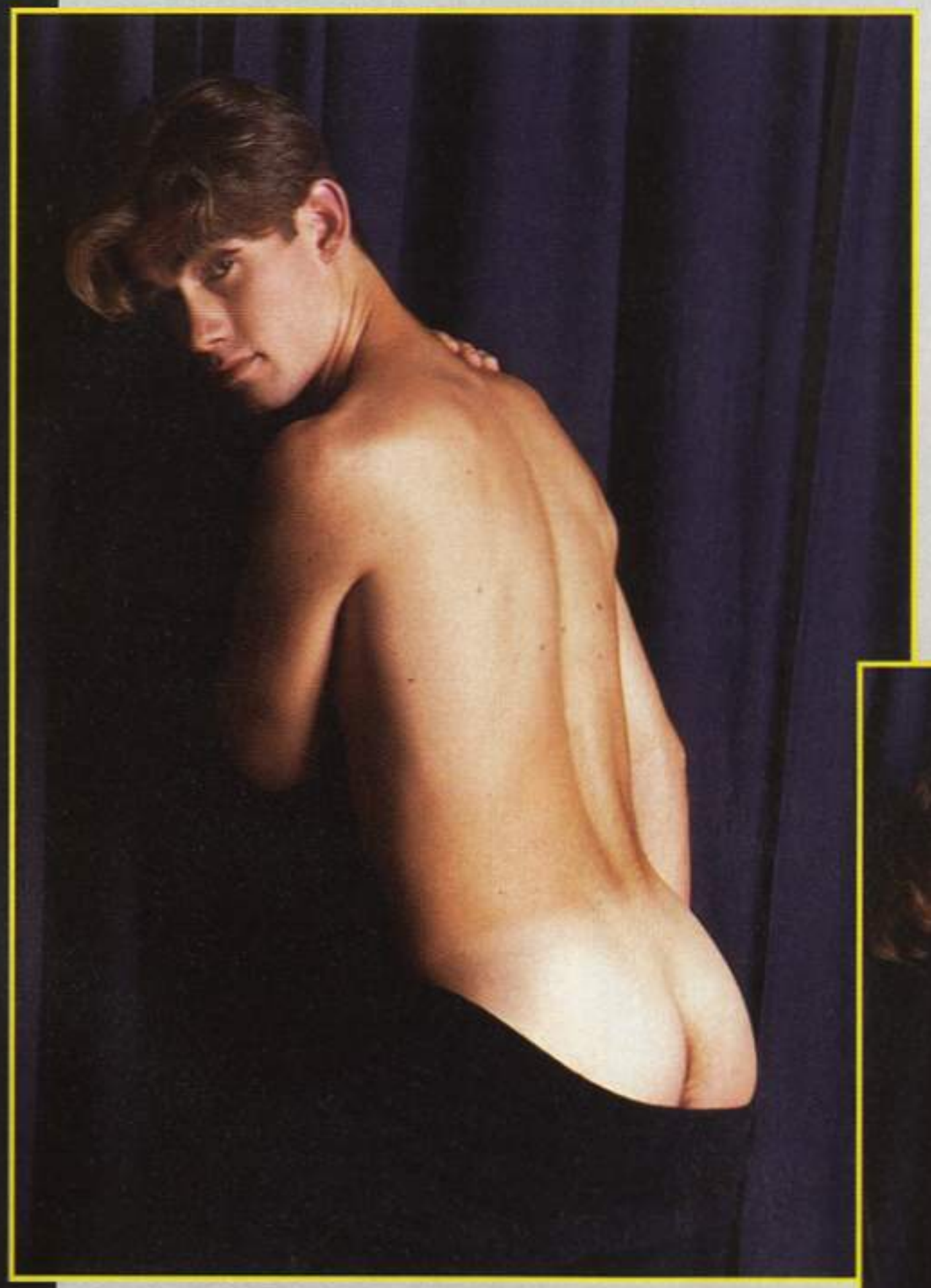

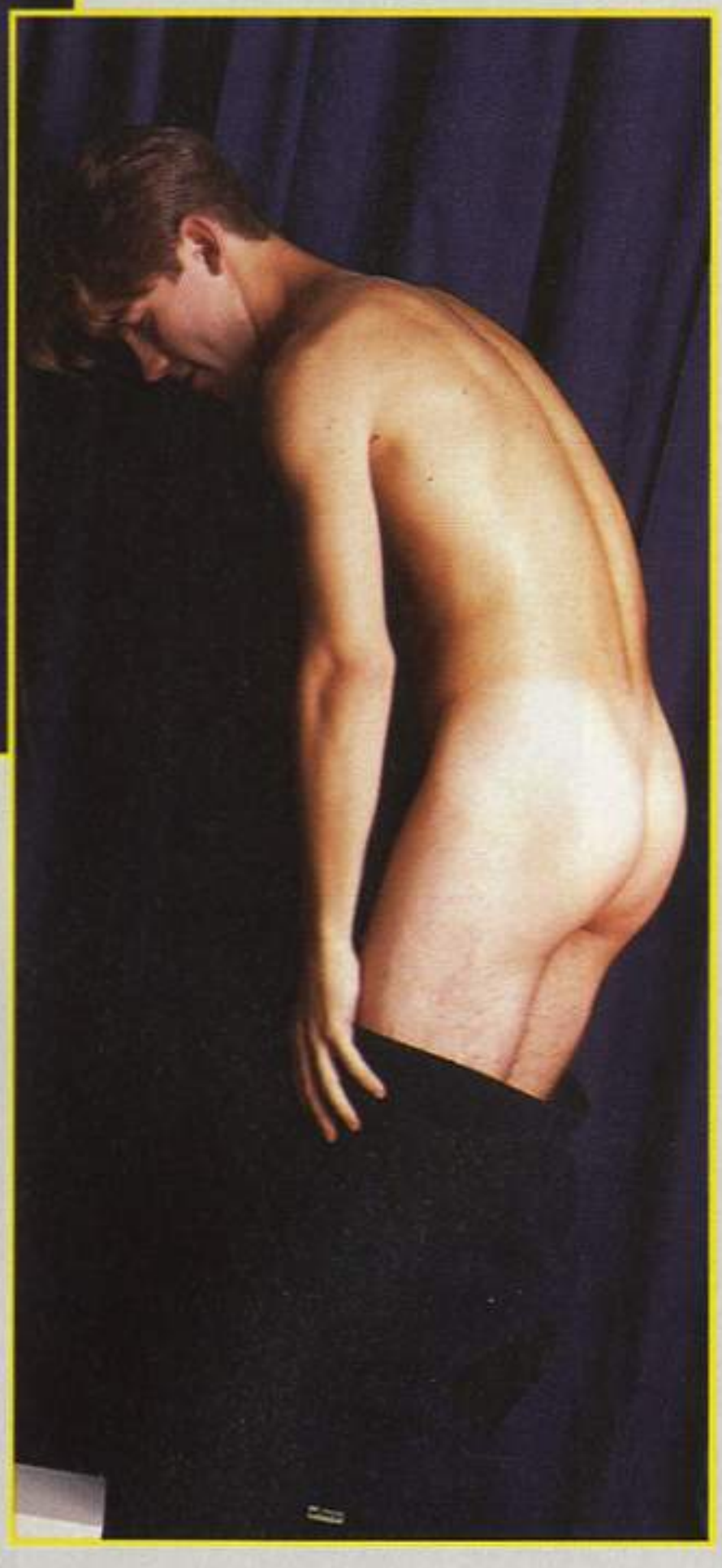

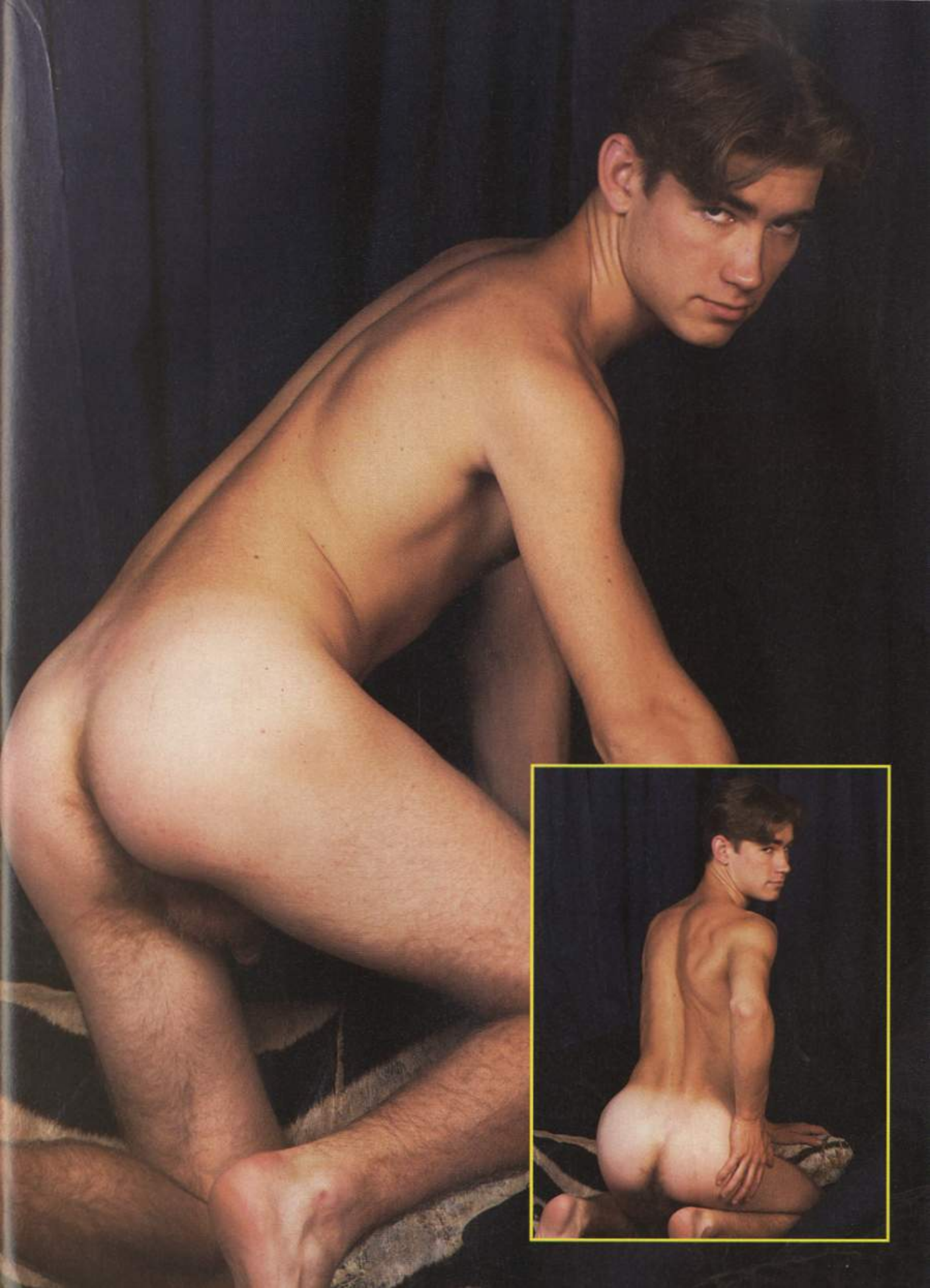

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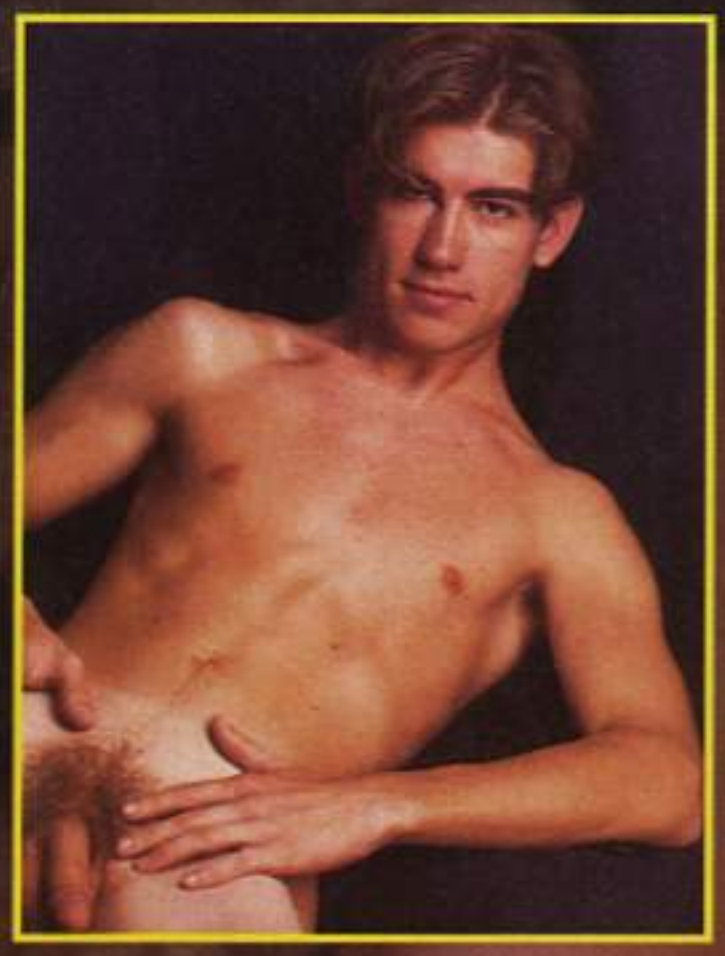

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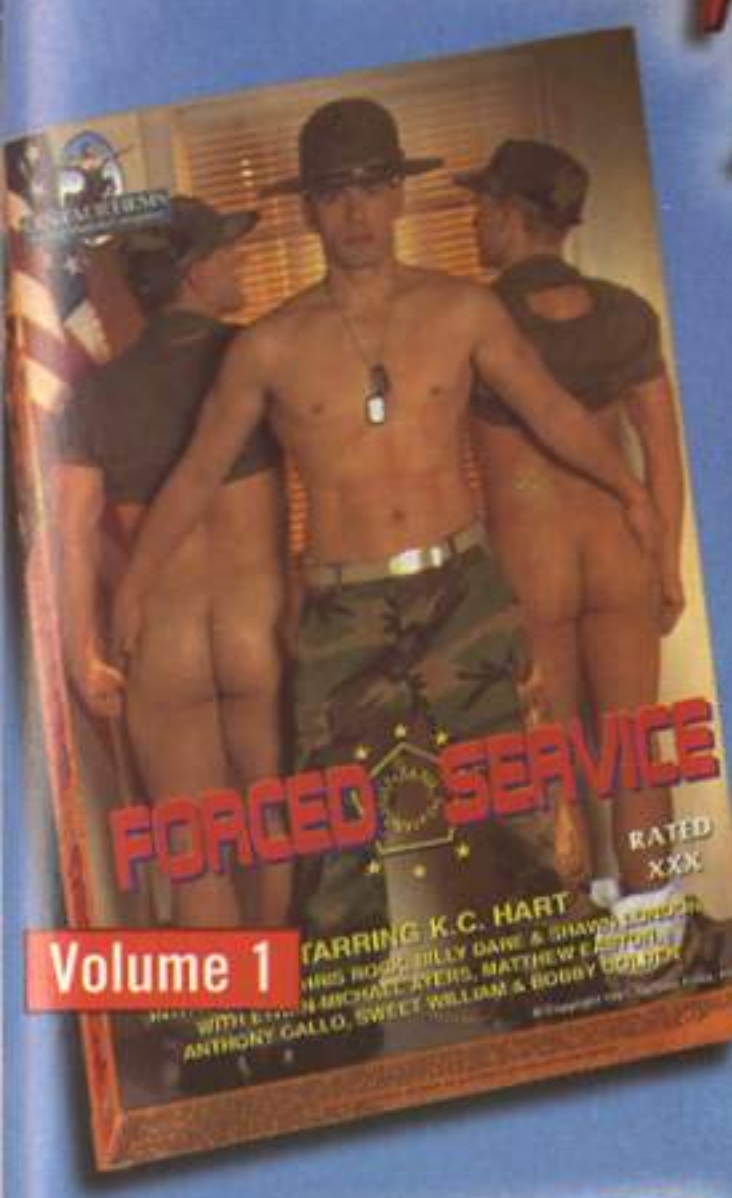

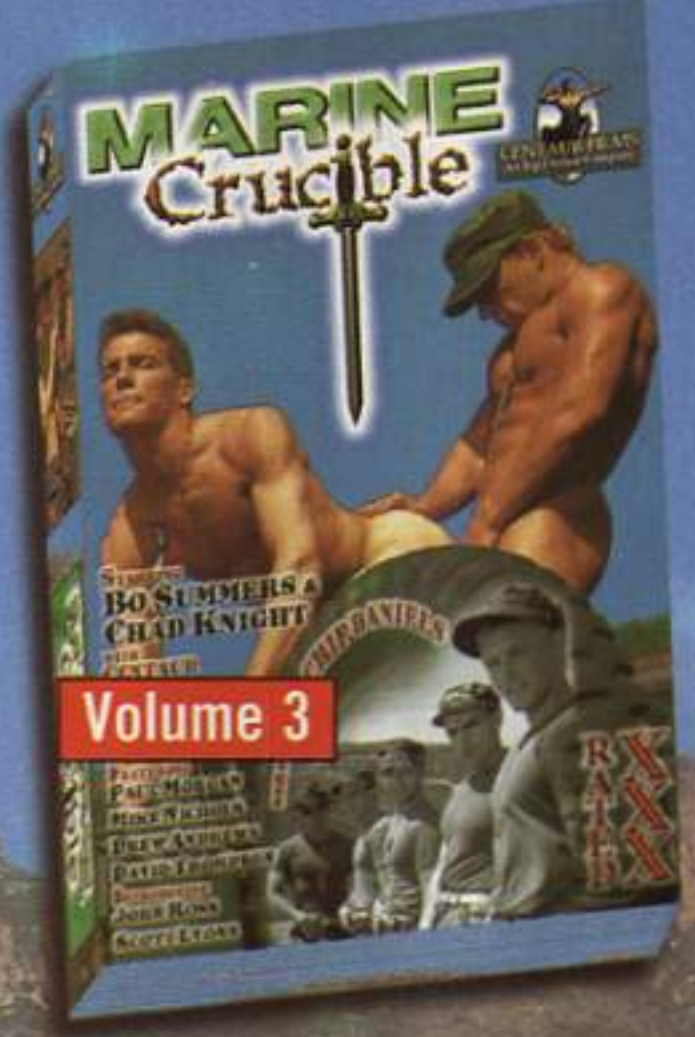

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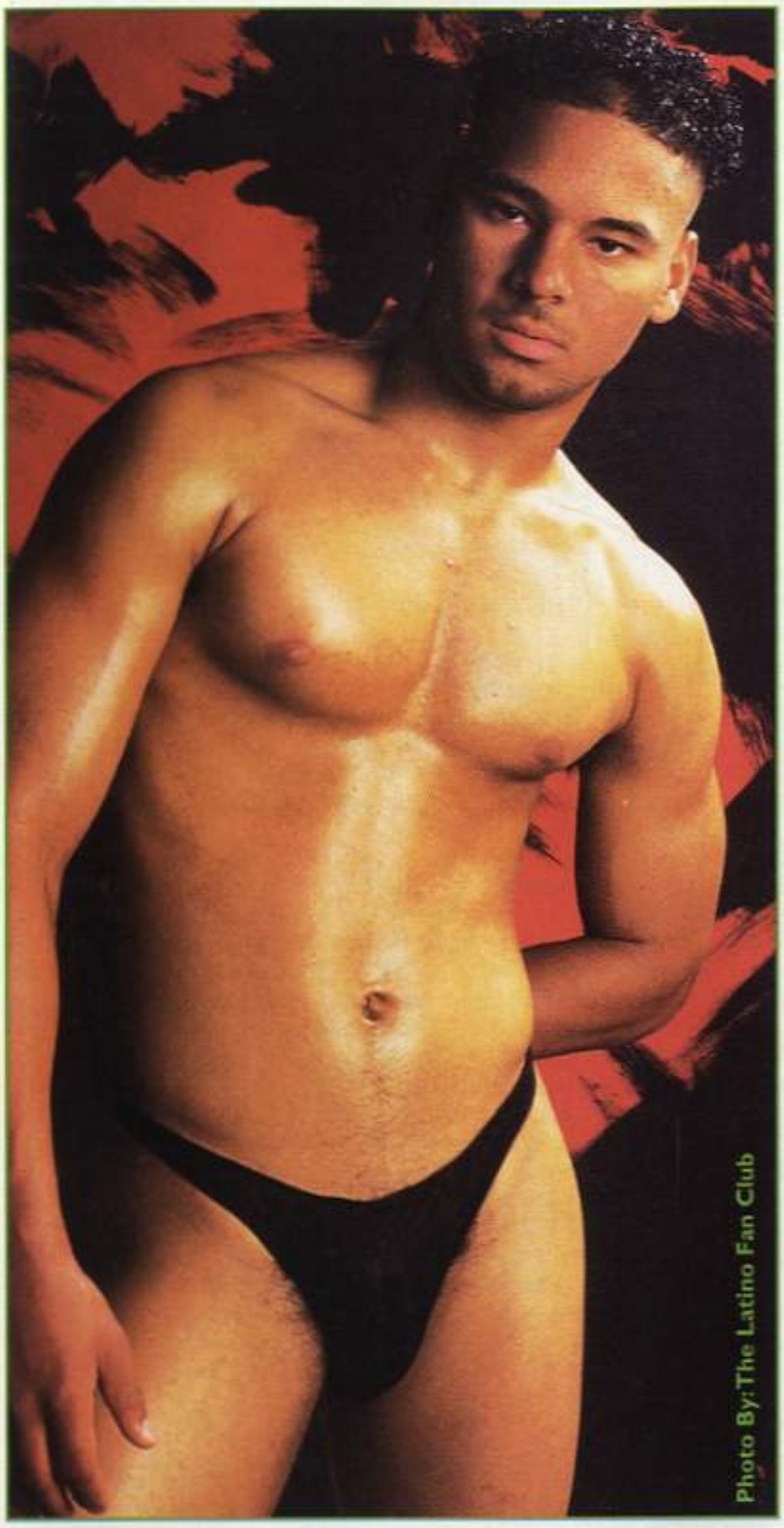


Page Boy

by Donald Ammer

By Donald Ammer

Just watching him chew the french fries turned my cock as rigid as a two-by-four. He shoved the fries into his mouth three or four at a time, his pink lips closed but moving rhythmically, aggressively, the black mustache on his upper lip stretching in shape with every move of his strong jaw.

When he drank, his cheeks caved in from the sucking as he wrapped his lips around the straw and took the soda down his throat. Then more fries ... god, I couldn't move. My erection pressed the front of my khaki pants out like a small tent.

He was a small guy, but built, barrel-framed, with a broad chest and shoulders that threatened the seams of his white dress shirt. About a thirty-inch waist over short, strong legs and large feet in leather dress shoes completed a beautiful picture of corporate America. His hair was black, cut very short — no bangs — a widow's peak at the top of his forehead. Dark, intense and very macho eyes under thick, dark brows stared at his newspaper as he ate. His skin was medium-tone, pale brown, his hands small, rounded nails trimmed perfectly and the color of chocolate milk; the hands of a Mexican. A gold wedding band on the third finger of his left hand didn't keep me from staring at his Latino beauty.

He wore round tortoise-shell glasses as he read, occasionally pushing them back onto his nose. I guessed his age at about 30, and he exuded that raw male sexuality that only a purely straight man — a purely Mexican man — has.

His mouth was small, pink, kissable; when he put the straw to his lips again to suck, I had to shift quickly in my chair to keep from strangling myself between the legs. His neat hands, the broad shoulders, the big feet with thin ankles covered in black dress socks, his strong, aggressive, masculine face — I didn't know where to look so I just stared, thinking how lucky his wife was, while at the same time hating every damn bone in her body.

He wore no jacket or sportcoat, and on either side of his wide maroon tie I saw tiny, pointed, very dark nipples, poking at his shirt, outlined perfectly against the white.

I almost could have cum just looking at him. As I sat at my stakeout position in the corner of the fast food restaurant, my muchacho guapo gathered up the various remnants of his trash from lunch and stuffed them into their paper sack, preparing to go.

He rose from his chair behind the scarred wooden table and for a few seconds I had a perfectly unobstructed view of his crotch, a big bulging triangle in the center of his black slacks. As he turned to stick his newspaper under his arm, picking up the restaurant's paper sack containing his garbage, I caught sight of a large, perfect, beautifully rounded ass, buns firm and high and more than a handful. Or a mouthful; I wondered what my tongue would feel like in-between them, licking his crack, up and down, and my cock rewarded my imagination with a sticky line of pre-cum that oozed slimy and wet onto the front of my shorts beneath my khakis.

He came toward me then and stopped less than five feet from my table at the trash can. I had to sort of lean around to do it, but I wanted to check out his body more closely so badly

Photo By: The Latino Fan Cl

that I found myself bending over, leaning away from the table, staring at his body and backside around the edge of the garbage bin.

Man, that bulge between his legs was huge — I wanted inside there so much and silently raged in jealousy against his wife again. Boy, was his ass perfect; two big, round and playful balls rubbing up against each other as he walked ...

The only thing interrupting the round smoothness of his ass was the outline of a wallet in his back pocket, bulging out as a square as his tight pants hugged his rump like a second, black skin.

He dumped his trash, turning to go, and our eyes locked for a second as he faced me. Dark eyes, sensuous and masculine as a panther.

He paused a second and I looked away, downward — and that's when I saw the beeper in his front right pocket, the clip sticking out, a number in blue punchtape imprinted on the clip: 555-9792.

Then he was gone, disappearing into the suddenly-crowded restaurant as I was left breathless and exhausted — worn out from just watching him.

As soon as he'd rounded the corner and was out of sight, I took a pen from the breast pocket of my sportcoat and grabbed frantically for a paper napkin, jotting his beeper number down with a trembling, sweat-soaked hand.

****

That night, a Friday, I dreamt that he and I were in bed together, me on my back with my legs over his shoulders as he fucked away at my asshole with no mercy, his broad, hairless chest dripping sweat on me as he got up on his big toes to pump me harder, ripping me apart while I held onto his wrists on either side of me.

I awoke just before two in the morning as my orgasm came and I reached down automatically to beat off as my cum shot out like a firehose, drenching my crotch and stomach and chest with thick white globs of cream.

I didn't sleep the rest of that night; his pager number haunted me. It was my one link to him, but what would I say when he called back?: "Hi, my name is Derek, I'm a 24-year-old good-looking blonde paralegal and would you please come over and fuck me?" It was ridiculous!

But I couldn't let it go.

On Saturday I picked up this Asian guy in a bookstore, a really cute young Korean named Robbie, about 5'6" with short black hair and a small, slender, hairless body. An hour later, at my place, when my cock entered his ass and he cried out in both pleasure and pain, I looked down at his round, kid-like face and thought of my Hispanic macho man from the burger joint — I completely lost my erection. I sent a very dissatisfied Robbie home and put a porno in the VCR, totally pissed off.

I didn't leave the house the rest of the weekend, and by Sunday night was bouncing off the walls of my small studio like a caged tiger. At 7:15 that night I picked up the phone for the millionth time and punched in 5-5-5 ... and then slammed the receiver down again, heart pounding.

Ever since I'd seen that damn beeper, I could only think of him.

I watched the rest of some dumb TV show, then paced some more and finally approached the phone again, cautiously, as if it were a living thing that could kill me. "You're acting like a child," I told myself. "Call him."

I picked up the phone.

5-5-5 ...

Sweat broke out on my forehead.

9-7 ...

My fingers slid off the buttons. Damnit!

9 ...

I struck the "2" and yanked my hand away from the phone, keeping my other arm locked into place so I couldn't hang up as I heard the familiar "beep-beep-beep" of a pager. I punched in my number, hit the pound sign, and slammed down the receiver as if it were on fire in my hand. Sitting back in my armchair, I let out a long, slow breath.

And waited.

Twenty minutes later the phone rang. I snatched it up, gasping for air, and it was my friend Barry, who'd just gotten back from Cancun and wanted to tell me all about his trip. When I'd calmed my heart rate down and had found my voice again, I resisted the urge to shriek and politely told him in an even, steady voice that I would call him back in a little while before basically hanging up on him.

I was one big, raw nerve, and when the phone rang again ten minutes later you could have peeled me off the ceiling.

Because somehow I knew.

"Hello?"

"Hi, yeah, somebody page me?"

My body became an instant wet sponge and my cock began waking up even as I heard the voice, that Mexican accent. Behind him in the background, I could hear traffic and horns and a police siren go by; he was calling me from a payphone.

I loved his voice, rich and husky, his heavily-accented Spanish ...

"Um, yes ..." My mouth had turned to a desert wasteland. "M-My name's Derek." I swallowed, or at least tried to, through the box of cotton that suddenly appeared in my throat. "Who ... who am I speaking to please?"

"This is Jose Ochoa," he replied. "Why you page me?"

I pulled at the front of my navy sweats, loosening them up from my hard-on. "Jose, I-I ... uh ..."

"Man, come on, I gotta go. Do I know you?"

I shook my head. "No ..." And suddenly my mouth took on a life of its own and I told him everything: how I'd seen him in the restaurant a few times and what he did to me and my fantasy-dream about making love with him in my bed. I acted like a fool and a teenager and went completely nuts, becoming a blithering, nervous, stuttering imbecile in a matter of a few minutes.

When my nervous breakdown ended, I clamped my mouth shut and waited for a reaction. I closed my eyes and inhaled deeply, holding my breath as I listened to the street noises in the background, waiting for Jose to speak.

"Man, you are FUCKED UP," he replied, and the phone went dead in my hand.

I called Barry, only half-listening about Cancun, depressed and feeling like a moron. I said my "ohs" and "ahhs" and "wows" in all the right places, but my heart wasn't in it. After about a half-hour he got another call on his call-waiting and said he'd call me back in a few minutes. I was glad to hang up.

But, sure enough, the telephone rang again ten minutes later. Damn it, I should just shut off the ringer —

"Wha' you wanna do for me, man?" he asked, his tone serious, intimidating, his voice barely above a whisper.

The hair on the backs of my arms stood up like cat-tails. My voice dropped about two octaves as I said softly, "I want to suck you."

He was near an "el" train station now; I heard a typical Chicago train go by overhead, loud. "You wan' my cock?" he asked calmly. My throat closed.

"Yes," I choked.

"Wha' you look like?"

"About five-nine, one-fifty. Blond hair, green eyes. Slim body — I work out a few times a week. Smooth — no facial hair. I'm 24, look about 21."

"Hmm ..." He seemed to think a moment. "You a gay?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You know, tha's okay," he said. "But I'm no gay. You know?"

"I know."

"I'm marry."

"I know."

A pause. "You wan' suck me, huh?" he asked.

"Yes," I almost cried.

"You good?"

"Very."

He laughed then, enjoying my conceit. Then his voice became louder as he pressed his mouth to the receiver and whispered, "I'm not gone suck you, man. That okay?"

"Fine," I said.

"You can live wit' that?"

"Yes."

"Okay. You like getting fuck?" he asked simply.

Oh, god ... "Yes." My cock pushed at my sweats like an angry mob.

"Okay, man, maybe you do right by me, I fuck you ass. That make you happy?"

"Oh, yeah ..." I couldn't contain my excitement.

"What your address?"

I gave it to him, voice stammering and stumbling, body damp.

"Okay, I know where that is. I pick you up in my cab in fifteen, twenny minute. You understan'?"

I nodded. Duh. "Uh, yes," I told him, completely hypnotized.

"Be out front. I no go to your place." And he hung up the phone. And I wondered where we'd be going.

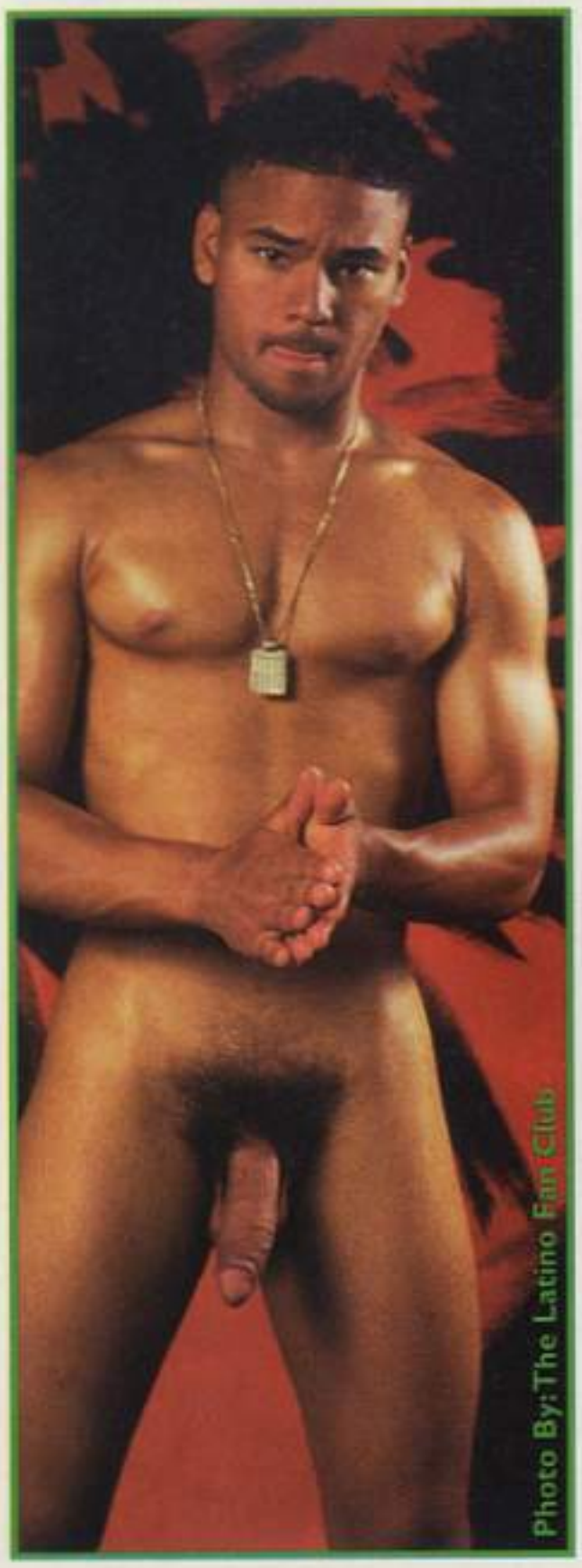
I slammed down the receiver, panting like an overheated dog, and glanced down at the front of my sweats, where the navy blue was even deeper in color at my crotch thanks to the pre-cum leaking out of my cock like water.

I jumped up, stripping, and took a quick shower, a cold one that did no good at all for my rock-hard erection.

****

The next fifteen minutes were the longest 900 seconds I think any man has ever had to endure. At exactly 9:20, a black and yellow cab pulled up in front of my apartment building. As it came to a stop the front passenger-side door opened and I slid into the front seat, turning to look at Jose.

I don't know how it was possible, but he looked even better tonight, in casual clothing: dark blue jeans that hugged his short, well-shaped legs and beefy thighs, black loafers with white socks on his large feet, a Chicago Bears jersey that was beautifully filled out as it pulled tautly across his chest and shoulders, cut at the midriff to reveal a flat, dark belly with a vertical line of black hairs that crisscrossed down the center of his stomach to disappear under the waistband of his jeans — a "love trail." A dark blue Bears cap turned backwards on his head completed a perfect picture as Jose looked me up and down, sizing up my own faded jeans and t-shirt, judging my looks.



Without a word he reached down between his thighs, below the steering wheel, and stretched out his legs so he could unzip his fly. A bulging white triangle of cotton briefs appeared before my eyes as Jose reached into them and produced the fattest, brownest cock I'd ever seen, wrapped in loose foreskin that puckered at the tip of what had to be at least nine inches of Hispanic beef.

I pulled on the shaft, and milky pre-cum burbled out of the foreskin-covered tip. "You like my cock?" he asked.

Dumbfounded, I could only nod.

He glanced around at either side of the cab, mustache twitching upward as he smiled at me. Slowly, he placed one hand on the back of my head, fingers squeezing as he pulled my face down to him. "Taste it," he said softly as my lips parted and I bent to engulf him. "Show me how much you like it."

He threw the cab into drive and pulled away from the curb as I forced my head under the steering wheel and took his thick, rigid cock into my mouth, my tongue flicking at and inside the cocoon of foreskin that covered his fat mushroom-shaped head.

He turned the corner onto Clark Street a little too sharply — "Oh, fuck, man ..." — as I proved just how good I was by jamming his shaft all the way down my throat at once, my lips stretching beyond capacity, throat on fire. I swallowed his big Mexican dick until my nose itched from his coarse black pubic hair, which poked like a bush from the opening in the front of his white briefs.

"Oh, fucking SHIT, man, oh man — I'm gone fuckin' crack up my cab, man!" His teeth gritted, eyes squeezing almost shut, and he licked his thin, pale-pink lips as he tried like hell to keep his eyes on the road as I devoured him, sucking his foreskin off the tip of his cockhead into a little tent that my tongue invaded, slurping and pulling around his head before I went down on

him again, sucking until my cheeks caved in like when I'd seen Jose first suck on that straw.

I rolled over and onto my belly, sliding down onto my knees on the floor of the front seat as I sucked squirts of pre-cum out of Jose's cock, relentless with the pressure I forced on his abused dick. He was moaning openly now, dark knuckles whitening as he gripped the steering wheel, hanging on for dear life, trying to maintain control of the car as I kept stuffing his humongous rod deeper and deeper down my throat.

We made it to the highway where he could floor the accelerator as I brought him closer to orgasm, my mouth trying to suck the very life from his body. Streetlights flashed by overhead in a long blur as I looked up to watch his dark, sexy eyes roll back into his head like a feeding shark. He suddenly swerved the car off the road, pulling to the deserted end of a rest area, where he screeched the cab to a halt in the gravel, shutting off the lights and throwing the car into park.

Darkness engulfed us as Jose grabbed my short light hair and pulled me off him, gasping for breath like a runner at the end of a very long marathon.

"Oh ... stop, man, or I'm gonna' cum!"

I sat up on the seat and fell back, lips covered with a mixture of spit and his Mexican pre-jizz.

"I never ... done this ... with a guy ... before," he wheezed, lying a hand on his stomach as his huge cock bobbed up to hit the steering wheel. He turned to look at me, finally regaining his breath. "You wan' fuck?" he asked finally.

"Do you?" I asked.

He rolled his eyes. "Oh, man," he said, "you make me wan' fuck your ass all night long!"

I reached over, quick as a cat, and grabbed his rounded, yet manly face in my hands, pressing my sticky lips to his before he had a chance to stop me. Jose's hands locked onto my wrists as he fought the kiss, and I caught the glint of his wedding band on his left hand as my tongue poked at his small pink lips, hitting clenched teeth.

Then suddenly his hands fell away and his mouth opened and he was kissing me, tonguing and sucking on my pre-cum stained mouth, slurping my tongue in between his lips with the kind fierce passion only Hispanic men have. One brown arm slid around my waist as his other hand, his right hand, groped and squeezed the bulge between my legs, stroking and caressing my dick as he turned in his seat and I fell on top of him.

We kissed like long-lost lovers, passionate yet with a sweet gentleness I hadn't known in years, soft lips making tiny smacking, slurping sounds as we twisted and turned our heads to taste every corner of each other. My hand slid under his shirt, and I learned that above his stomach Jose actually had very little body hair, his skin rich and smooth and creamy-brown, a light milk chocolate that tasted twice as sweet as the real thing.

We undressed each other slowly, my arm brushing up against the bubbling tip of his cock, the only source of light in the front seat the red "0.00" of the cab's meter. The June night was quiet and still, the only sounds over the soft purr of the car motor our desperate panting as we caressed each other's bodies, Jose's skin so much darker than mine as we rolled over and he laid on top of me. The old upholstery of the cab was cool and sticky against my bare flesh.

He had the most beautiful body, muscular and strong; hairy legs and that firm, very round ass with the tiny black hairs that heavily lined his crack. He was the perfect man, well-built and sexy and masculine as a bull, yet he could kiss me so softly and with so much emotion that tears came to my eyes. I lay beneath him — belonged to him — as Jose propped himself up on his two strong arms, hands on either side of me on the cheap vinyl seat, and watched my eyes as he thrust his groin into mine, our two erect cocks mashing together as the foreskin rolled up his shaft and slick pre-cum oozed onto my hard pole, which lay flattened against my stomach.

"Ohhh! Oh, yes! Oh, god!" I gripped his arms and he rammed his rod again and again into mine, all the while staring at me with dark, cold animal eyes.

"You like that, huh?" he asked, ramming my cock again, his heavy balls crushing mine. "You like that, man? You like my cock fuckin' yours, man?"

"Oh, god, yes, oh please, shit, please don't stop ..." His arms were steel cords under my hands, shoulders tensed as his big dick kept bashing up against mine.

"I'm gone FUCK you, man! You wan' get FUCKED, little white-boy? You wan' me FUCK your ass?"

"Yes ... yes ... please ..."

Panting, spit drooling onto me from his open, gasping lips, Jose looked down to watch his brown cock fucking my own pale-pink rod. My eyes followed his and I watched pre-cum coat both our stomachs as Jose kept slamming into me, bringing us both dangerously close, almost to the point of shooting.

He watched our dicks a second more, entranced by the fact that two men together could be so fucking hot, then finally muttered "I don' believe I doin' this," before getting off me, crouching at my feet as he took my cock into his own pink mouth, his lips and tongue sucking at the head, mustache curving downward as he ate my prick like those fucking french fries, taking me halfway down, sucking and slurping like a man dying of hunger, hungry for cock. His strong hand reached down to squeeze my balls, almost too roughly in his anxious excitement, and when I saw his cheeks cave in I thought of that straw in that cup of soda in the restaurant and my cock erupted, Jose pulling me out barely in time as I covered his face in white creamy globs of jizz, jet after jet of it blowing out of my piss-hole as Jose took it all in his face, licking his lips of the sweet heavy juice as his hand pumped me dry, milking my balls of every drop I had in me.

My body bucked, convulsed with every stroke, and I gasped violently for air as Jose squeezed the last droplets from my sore piss-slit and licked it off the head of my cock without hesitation. Suddenly a pair of headlights swept by and Jose fell down to lay on top of me, squishing my sticky jizz between our stomachs as we kissed and I ate my own cum off his dark, handsome face.

He rolled me over onto my stomach and pulled my ass into the air, squeezing my small cheeks in his big veiny hands as his cock played with my crack on its own, rising up and down the soft peachfuzz that lined my young butt-hole as Jose deep-throated a couple of his own fingers before poking them into my ass.

"Ahhh —!" My head dropped to the seat, hands clenching into fists as his two fat fingers entered, probing my hole with intense fierceness, loosening me up as I tried my best to relax so the pain would end more quickly.

"Oh, fuck, don't stop ..." I whispered, begging him.

He reached over my back and, from the glove compartment, pulled out a condom, ripping it open with his teeth and rolling it onto his thick, veiny cock with one hand so he could keep the fingers of his right hand up my tight, tiny asshole. Suddenly, both fingers were gone and I felt his cockhead probing at my impossibly small butt-hole, begging entry.

I spread my legs, one foot going to the floor of the cab to rest on top of our shed clothing, but Jose grabbed my leg and put it back onto the seat, forcing my knees together as my quivering white ass stuck up high into the night air.

"I tole you, man, I'm gonna' fuck your tight ass," he said, his voice commanding. "An' I wan' it as tight as possible."

I turned my head to watch as he spread my cheeks open with one hand, just enough to see my hungry, pink butt-hole clearly as his other hand grabbed his massive dick and he leaned forward, forcing the bulby head into my butt with one clean, smooth motion.

"Oh, shit!" I flew forward, cracking my head on the passenger-side door- handle as Jose entered me, then suddenly rammed home with all his strength, knocking me flat onto my stomach on the car seat as his horsedick slid all the way up inside me.

I bit my lip and tears filled my eyes, but I kept silent as Jose withdrew then rammed me again, harder, my asshole barely giving way, protesting as he invaded my very core with his thick, steamy Mexican meat.

Soon the pain turned to deep pleasure and Jose grabbed me by the hair, arching my head back so we could kiss while he was merciless with my hole, fucking my puckery ass like a stallion, making sure I took every inch of his hot Hispanic rod until he buried himself completely up me one final time and I felt him contract, exploding as he yelled something in Spanish and came inside me. His ass pushed himself in as far as he could go as wad after wad of thick, white Mexican salsa filled the rubber he'd poked up my ass.

I squeezed my ass muscles, draining his big, hairy balls as he fell on top of me again, lying on my back, biting viciously at my earlobe like a dog who's just fucked his bitch-in-heat.

We lay there for quite awhile. Jose's cock stayed hard and firmly wedged deep inside of me for almost twenty minutes, finally turning flaccid and falling from my ass. We kissed romantically, tasting each other's sweat, for a long time after that, and finally Jose crawled off me to sit on the driver's side again, carefully pulling the cum-filled rubber off his cock and tossing it out the open crack at the top of the car window. I watched it sail off into the night, marveling at how much white creamy Latino juice he'd shot into it.

"Oh, man, that was fuckin' heaven, amigo," he said in the darkness, shaking his head. "But, you know, I can' believe I do this with another guy ... you know?" He held his head in his hands, astounded. "I can' believe I suck another guy's dick, man. Shit, I ate your cum, man!" He looked over at me. "Man, it tasted fuckin' great, too, you know? Man, I tell you ..." He twisted around to face me, completely serious. "Man, tha' was the hottest fuckin' sex I ever had, man! I mean, shit, man, I ... I don' know what to say ..."

I smiled, leaning over to kiss him, and he kept his eyes open as our tongues danced again, fascinated by what he found himself doing. The expression in his eyes told me he couldn't believe what he had just done, but when I put my hand between his sticky legs again I could tell he loved doing it.

When we parted he looked me up and down. "Man, you a nice-looking guy," he said.

"Thanks," I said appreciatively.

"But you don' like the chiquitas, huh?"

I shook my head.

"Sometimes I wonder abou' me too, you know?" he said. I nodded. "I mean, my wife, she ran off with my cousin two months ago, leave me with all the bills. So I have to drive a cab on weekends, you know?"

I nodded again, enthralled by him.

"It's shit, man. But, hey, tha's life I guess." He paused, trying to find the words, then said, "Anyway, I'm glad I meet you." He eyed me again, a certain slyness coming into his eyes. "Hey," he said, "you wan' go back to your place an' we fuck aroun' some more?"

Was he kidding?! "Sure," I said, trying to sound casual.

"Cool. Les' go, man."

We dressed, and he turned the headlights back on.

"Hey, Derek," he said as he revved the engine. It was the first time he'd called me by my name — I thought he'd forgotten it.

"Yeah?"

"You got a — um ... what do you call ... you know, a guy you date, fuck — what do you call ...?"

"A boyfriend?"

"Really? Oh, just like regular people, huh?" He shrugged. "Okay. So, you got a boyfrien'?"

"No," I said. "If I did, I wouldn't be here with you. I don't cheat."

Jose held up a finger. "Now tha's nice. I like that. No one should cheat on their husban', or boyfrien' or whatever. Is not right." He looked at me. "If I was your boyfrien', I wouldn' cheat on you either."

He backed the cab out of the rest stop and turned onto the highway again, heading east into the city — back to my place — and the funniest thing happened: not only had the greatest sexual fantasy I'd ever had in my life just come true ...

But, on the way home, Jose held my hand. bb

Review By Steven Lake

Directed by:

Derek Kent

Cast:

Sonny Markham,

Kurt Stefano,

Kevin Cobain,

Trent Reed,

Steve O'Donnell,

Kyle McKenna,

Kyle Hunter,

Rhett Powers,

& Joey Morelli.

Workin' *It Out.*

STUDIO 2000

As the movie opens, we find Sonny Markham bartending at a medium sized gay bar. Studio 2000 makes a good attempt to portray the sexual energy which circles gay bars, and we get to listen in on guys trying to "get some," as well as see those already "gettin' some" in the bathroom. In fact the bathroom scene seemed very hot, it is a shame nothing came of it. It is now closing time and at Sonny's bar, Rhett Powers tries to convince Sonny of getting together with him, but Sonny, in the progress of getting out of a relationship, declines. As he closes up, we realize that Sonny is not alone; Joey Morelli has been hiding out waiting for that right moment to get a mouthful of Sonny's dick. Joey is a very sexy newcomer with boyish good looks and an expert mouth. He pulls on his rock hard meat as he devours Sonny's cock. The two trade places and Sonny shows us that he too knows how to suck cock. Joey is stiff as a rock and appears close to shooting his load, but not before getting to feel Sonny's cock inside his ass. He is thrown on the table and his legs were held up in mid air as Sonny pounds his ass with vigor. This turns out to be an extremely hot scene as we see Sonny's powerful butt-fucking make newcomer Joey Morelli shoots his load without even touching himself. This is too much for Sonny Markham, and he too blows a load; all over Joey's back. The two men make a great combination and show a very apparent connection.

Next we see bar owner Trent Reed send bar back, Kurt Stefano, on an errand before the bar opens. Now alone at the bar, Trent can properly welcome delivery man Kyle McKenna. Pulling Kyle's dick out of his uniform, Trent sucks it hungrily. As the uniform slowly comes off, we get our first glimpse at Kyle's smooth, beautifully proportioned body. When Kyle goes down to suck Trent's cock, we are shown just how gorgeous an ass Kyle has. Trent quickly begins to play with this hot, smooth ass making Kyle practically beg for a good fucking. A good fucking he gets as he takes every inch of that big cock, demonstrating just how good of a bottom he is. Never losing his hardon, Kyle's load is fucked out by Trent as his stiff meat laid on his stomach. Once again Studio 2000 has created a great duo; there seems to be a lot of chemistry between these guys.

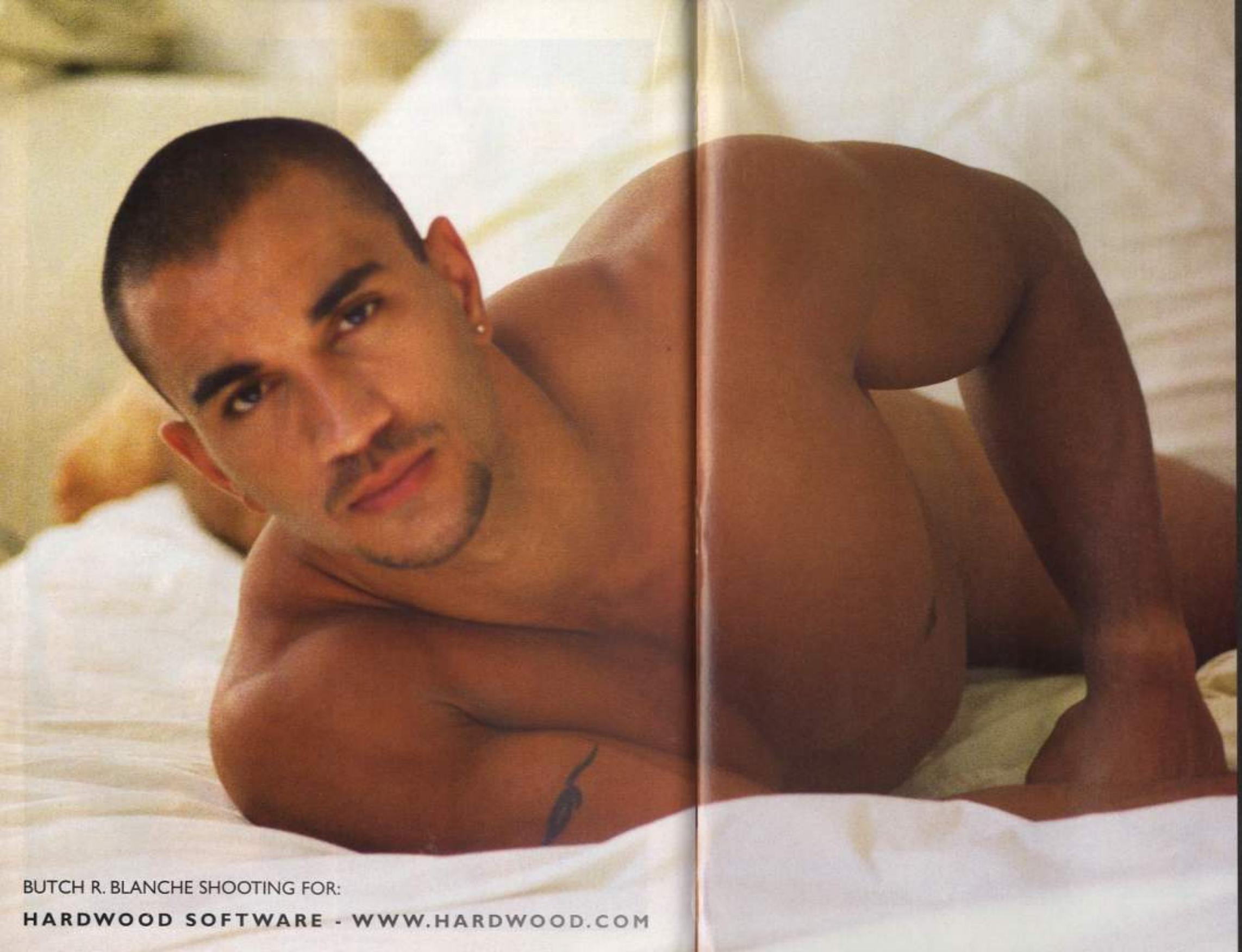
Later we have bartender Kevin Cobain going out to get some sun in the park prior to his shift. He tells bar back Kurt Stefano that he is expecting a friend, but should be back before he arrives, but the friend arrives shortly after Kevin leaves. Now at the park, Kevin is distracted Kyle Hunter and the two engage in a back to nature, steamy out doors scene. Laying back on a park bench, Kevin gets great head from Kyle. The scene is beginning to look good, but poor editing gives us an abrupt change and we now see Kevin giving Kyle a long, deep fuck. We get the first great look at Kyle's ass when he faces Kevin and sits on his cock on the park bench. Kyle has a beautiful, smooth and very hungry ass that he uses well. These two guys explode while looking at each other in a very short, but very hot jerk-off scene.

Back inside the bar Kurt is beginning to feel a little horny and makes a move on Kevin's friend, Steve O'Donnell. Kurt is eager to get down and suck his raging radon and this starts some great mutual cocksucking. Kurt has an amazing, defined body with smooth, round cheeks and a wet, hungry hole which he spreads open for Steve to fuck with his big cock. He takes full advantage of the situation by fucking Kurt all over the room until he finally shoots on his back. Both Kurt and Steve are great looking men, but even though the sex was hot, it lacked the chemistry between the two guys that the previous scenes had.

It's now party time. The bar is hopping and we are treated to a cameo performance by Alec Powers, Rick Chase and Jeff White as they strip for the "small" crowd. The evening appears to be a great success and Sonny, being in a great mood, decides he needs to take a vacation from work, but most importantly from his ex-to-be. Therefore, it's no surprise when later in the scene we discover Sonny is not vacationing alone, but has brought Rhett Powers. In another hot outdoors scene, these two men get it on hot and heavy. Getting so turned on by fucking Rhett's face, Sonny aims for Rhett's ass and begins digging his fingers in and opening his hot hole. Rhett cannot take the tease of the fingers and he throws his legs up in the air inviting Sonny's cock to plow his ass. The scene is very hot and it is very exciting to see Rhett Powers, who is such a masculine guy, submit to Sonny's pounding. After coming to a climax, the scene ends in a great kiss.

Overall, the movies is great. Perhaps Studio 2000 could have gone a little further out of their way to make the bar crowd a bit more realistic. As I mentioned earlier, some of the editing could have used some more time. These things, however, become unimportant in the midst of such very hot sex. bb

LITERS



JULIO

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JULIO

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CENTER PIECE DECEMBER 97

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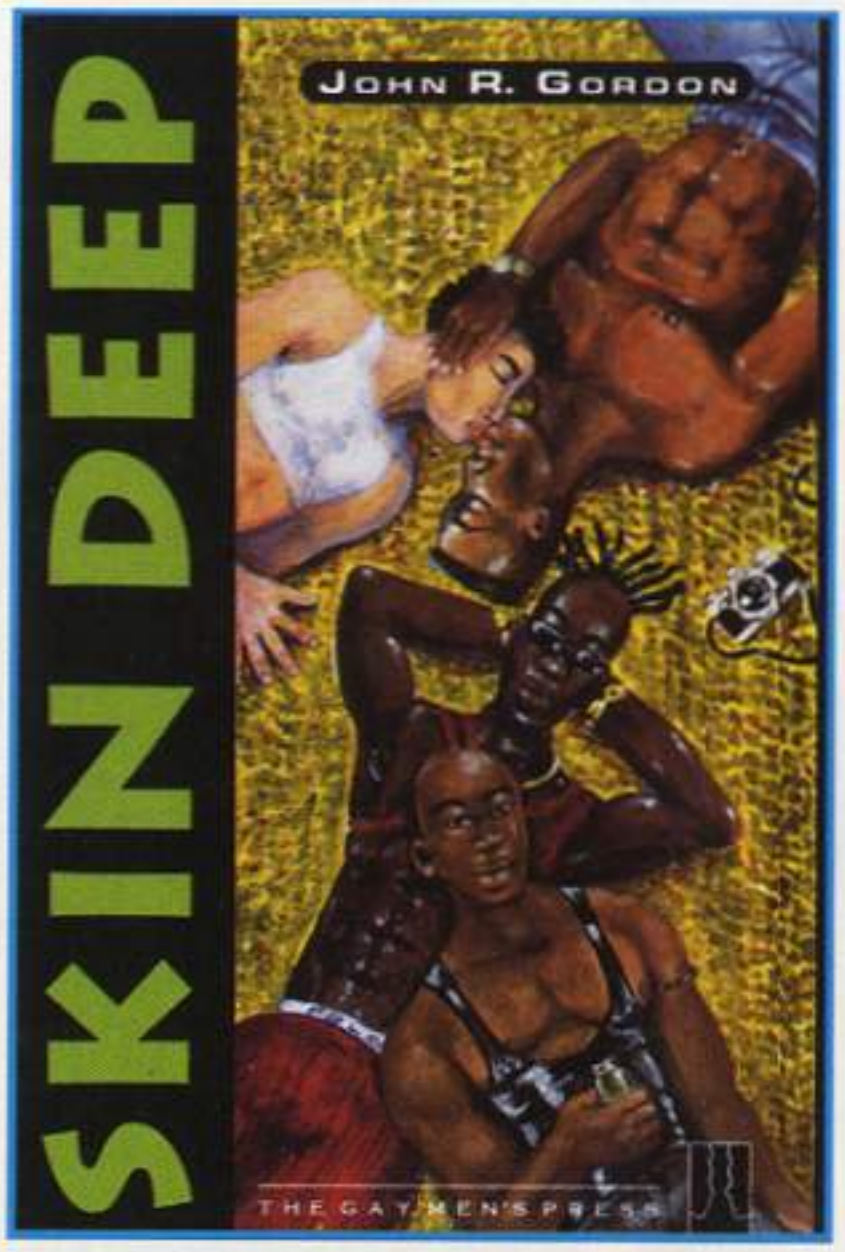
Selections



Skin Deep
by John R. Gordon
(The Gay Men's Press, $14.95)

Two young and talented black men, photographer Ray and struggling actor Chris, are best friends in 1990s London. But Ray is only attracted to white men, which Chris sees as betraying his race, while Chris is into a heavy sexual masochism which Ray cannot understand. Their current lovers bring more complications. Drawn into the S/M scene through his relationship with Chris, the heterosexually-identified pimp Clinton is imprisoned for manslaughter; and Ray's young white lover Louis is beaten into a coma by a black street gang.

This ambitious novel by the author of Black Butterflies reflects the complex entanglements of real life in a society where racism and homophobia distort the most intimate relationships, yet love and friendship are still possible across

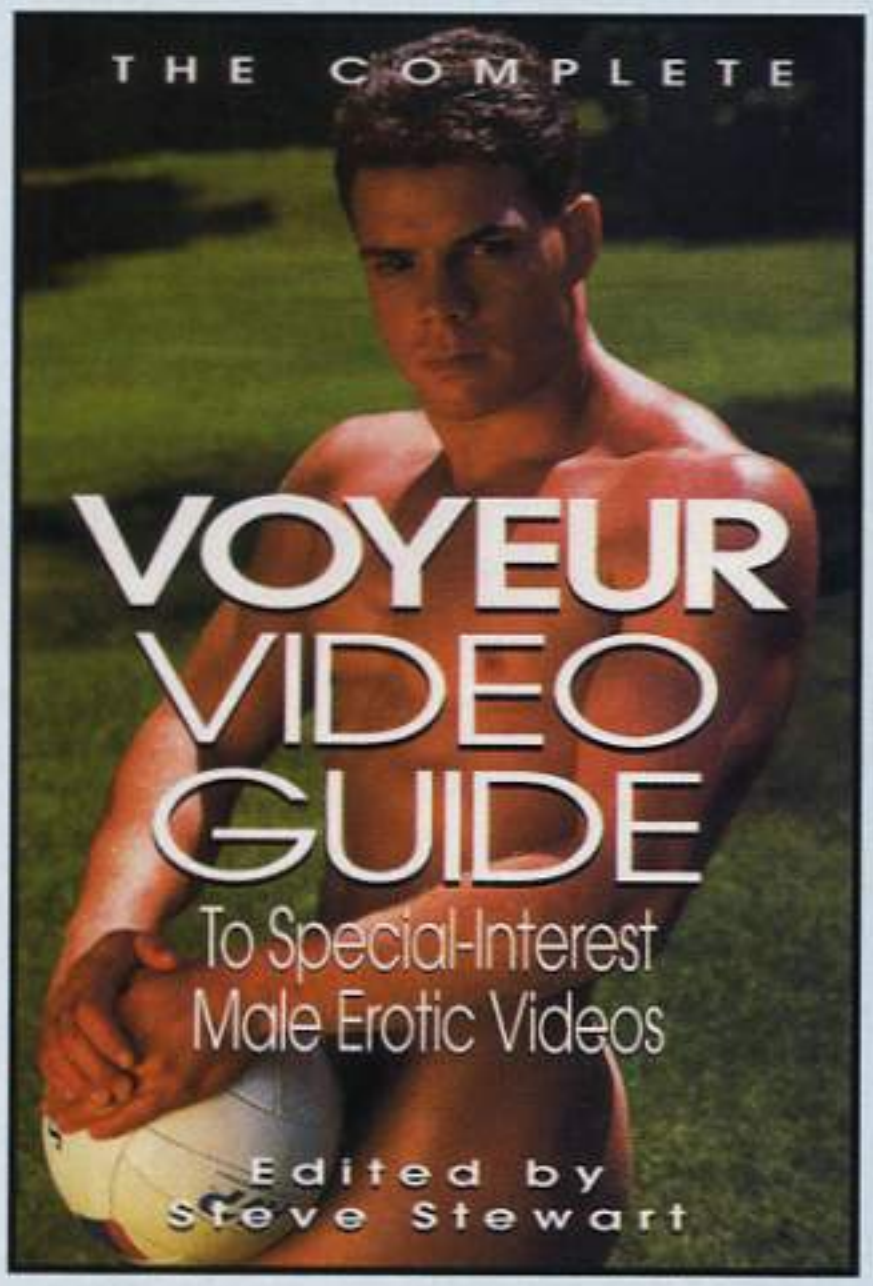
The Complete Voyeur Video Guide
Edited by Steven Stewart
(Companion Press, $12.95)

Special-Interest Erotic Videos
A one-of-a-kind guide to hard-to-find professional and amateur erotic male special-interest videos.

Genre/Category Index
A guide listing videos by the following categories: Contest, Dance/Music, Documentary, Fantasy, Fetish/Kink, Hidden Camera, How-to Massage, Masturbation/Solo, Physique, Striptease/Posing, Workout/Exercise and Wrestling.

A Video Buyers' Guide
A guide listing where and how to purchase the erotic male videos in this book by mail-order.

Erotic Photos
A guide featuring more than 100 revealing nude photos -- from professional models to the guy next door.



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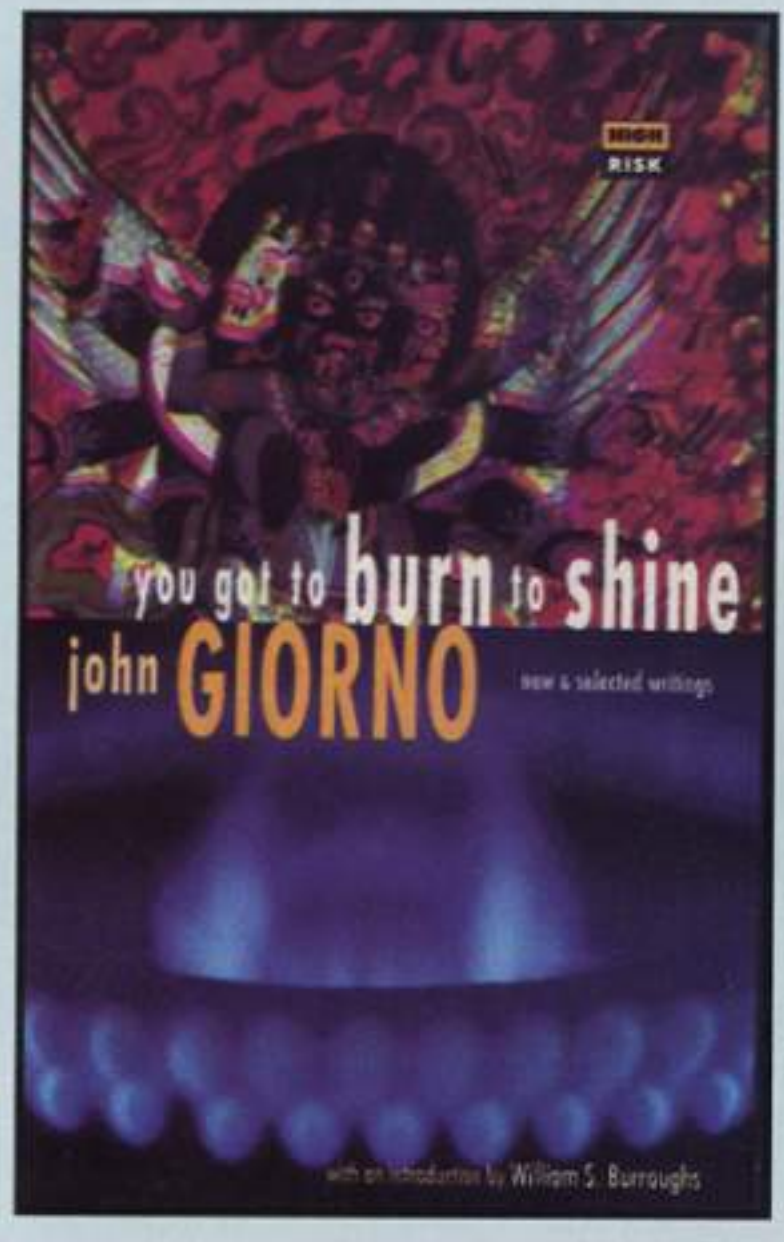
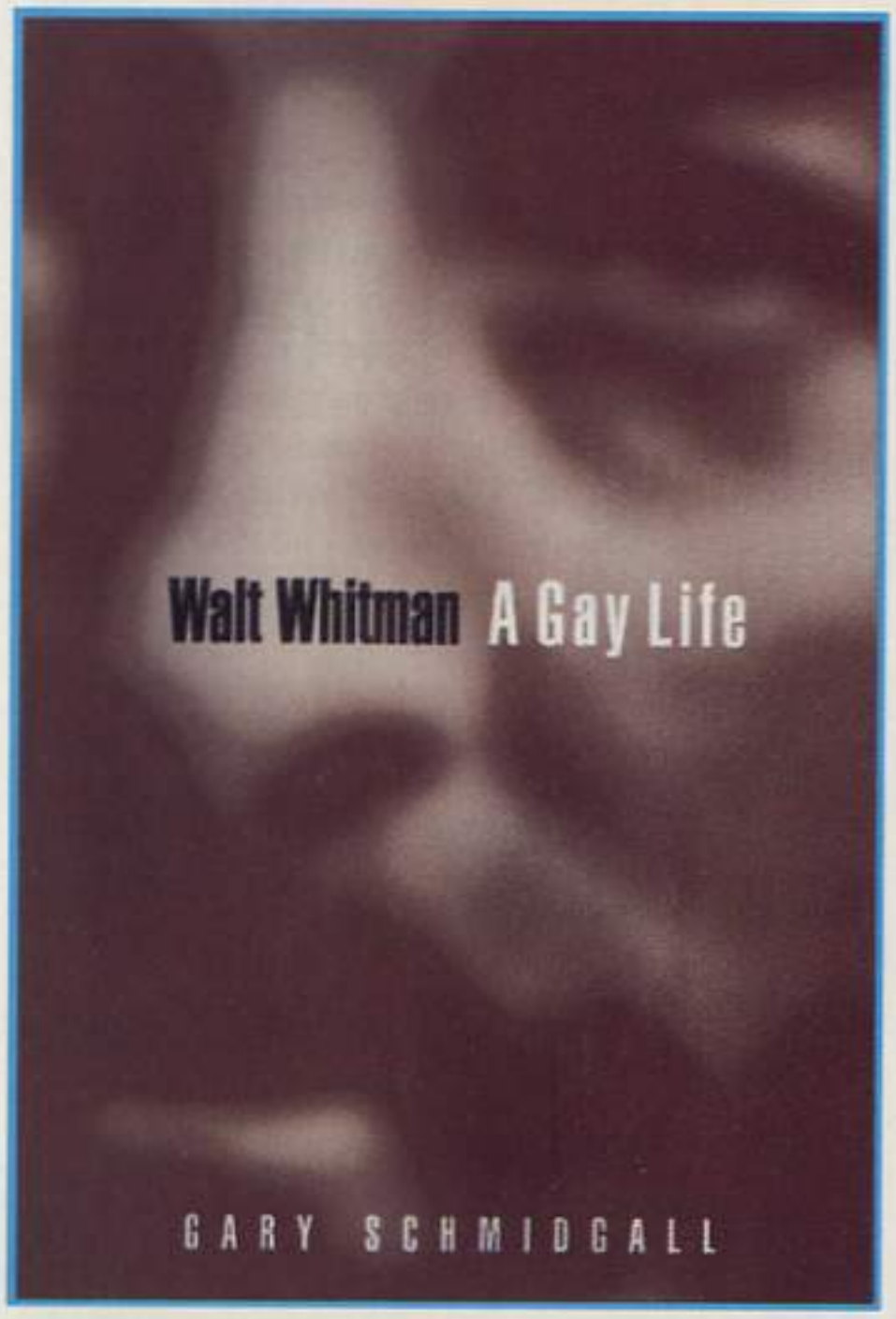


You Got To Burn To Shine
by John Giorno
(High Risk Books, $11.99)

The originator of Spoken Word and performance poetry, John Giorno is one of the most influential figures in the world of contemporary performance. You Got To Burn To Shine, his first book in many years, collects intensely rhythmic, sexual and philosophical poetry spanning two decades.

Here, too, are deeply personal memoirs, including the story of his friendship with Andy Warhol (Giorno had an occasionally sexual relationship with Warhol, met his mother, and starred in Warhol's first film Sleep); an anonymous sexual encounter with Keith Haring, an aspiring painter who recognized Giorno in a subway station toilet; and notes toward a Buddhist understanding of death in the age of AIDS.



Walt Whitman - A Gay Life
by Gary Schmidgall
(Dutton, $32.95 ... Hard Cover)

"Anyone wild about Wilde ... will want to check out this study."

- Washington Post Book World

"An astute study ... genuinely original."

- Boston Globe

"Gary Schmidgall writes entertainingly and with spirit ... He is alert, stimulating and perceptive."

- The New Republic

"Persuasive."

- The New York Times Book Review

"Breathes new life into the memory of Wilde ... highly entertaining."

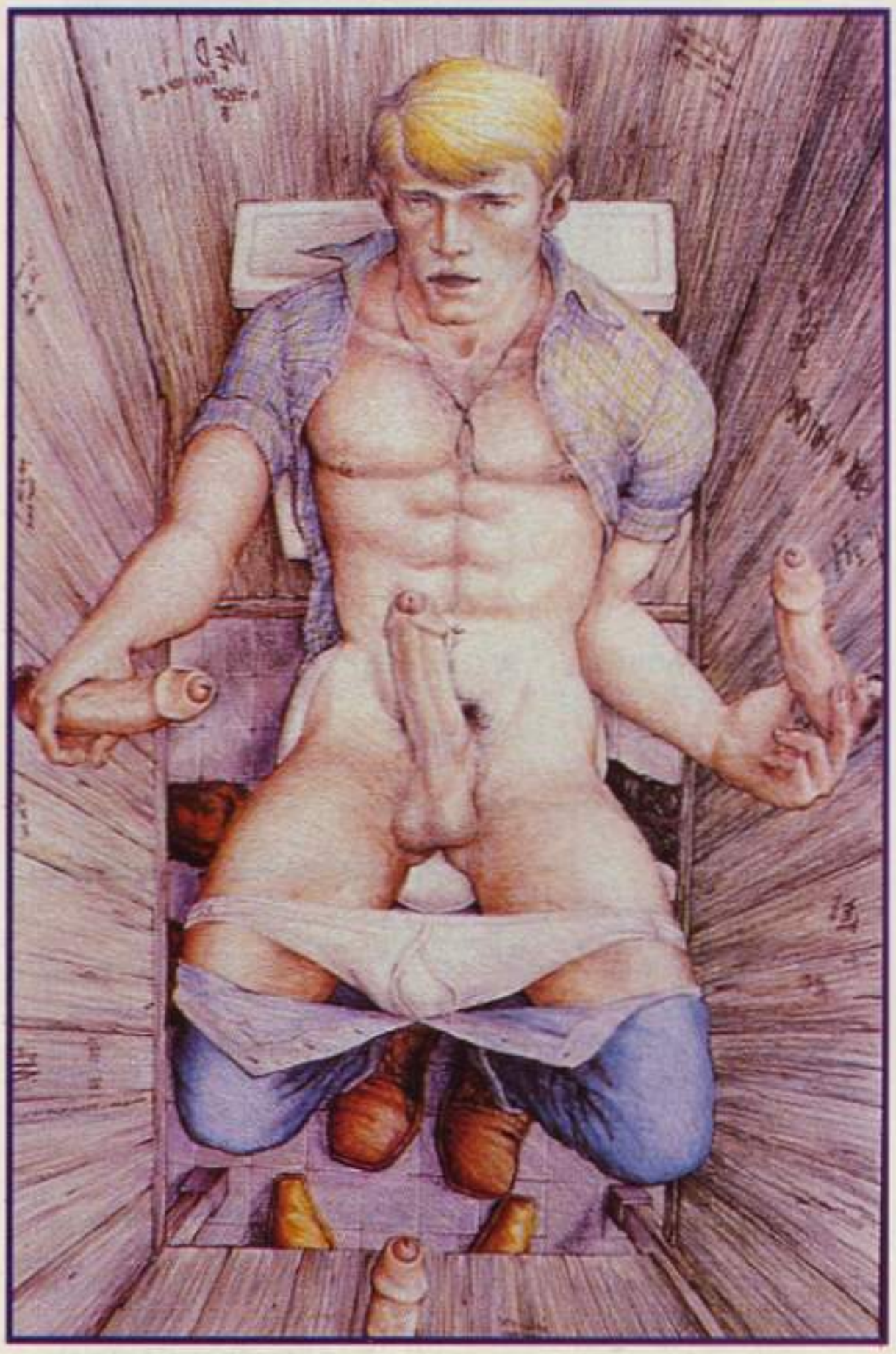
- San Francisco Chronicle

THIS IS THE FOURTH IN A SERIES OF ARTICLES
FROM THE LESLIE-LOHMAN GAY ART FOUNDATION

A Look At "Blade"

CARLYLE KNEELAND BATE
ALSO KNOWN AS "CARL NEELAND," AND "NEEL BATE"

NOVEMBER 29, 1916 - JUNE 27, 1989



The Leslie-Lohman Gay Art Foundation (LLGAF) is fortunate to have in its archives a pricless collection of the work of the homo-erotic illustrator Carlyle Neeland Bate or better known as Neel Bate or "Blade."

The following was written by Charles Leslie, co-founder of the Leslie-Lohman Gay Art Foundation, upon the advent of a show of Neel Bate's work at the original Leslie-Lohman Gallery on Broome Street which took place November 11 through November 29, 1980...

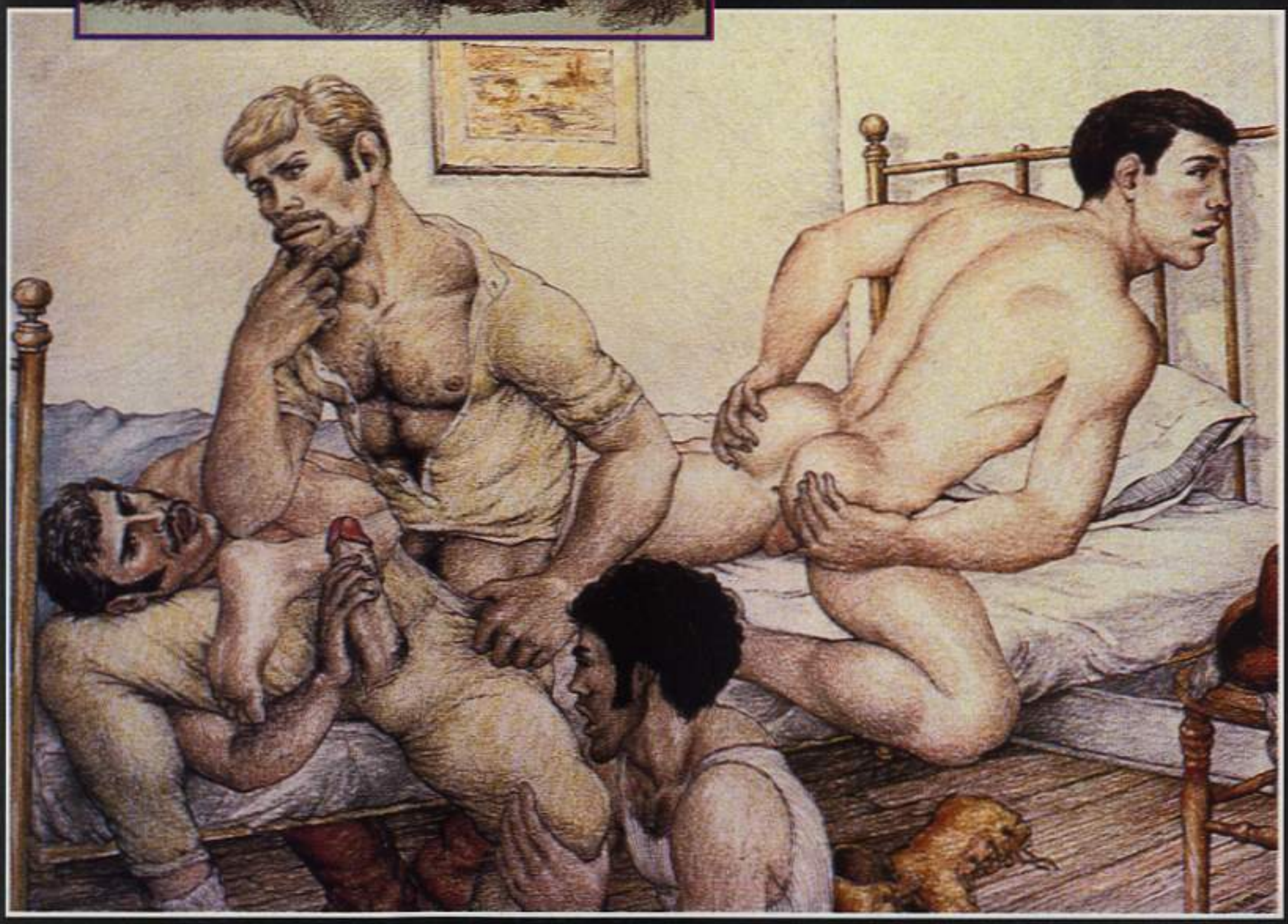
The American artist, Neel Bate (Blade), is the true precursor of the Toms, the Rexes, the Etiennes, and the host of other stars in the ever growing galaxy of homo-erotic imagists. No matter how different the styles, no matter how disparate the popularity of different artists, an astonishing number of them trace their first consciousness of a genuinely and overtly gay sexual image to a badly photo-copied series of pictures entitled "The Barn" which first circulated -clandestinely of course - in 1947/48. In the 33 years since then literally hundreds of thousands of copies - a few good, most of them wretched - of that legendary series have been produced. But at last, in 1980, Neel Bate's work is where it belongs; not furtively passed from hand to hand, but in an art gallery for the world to see and for serious connoisseurs of erotica to acquire.

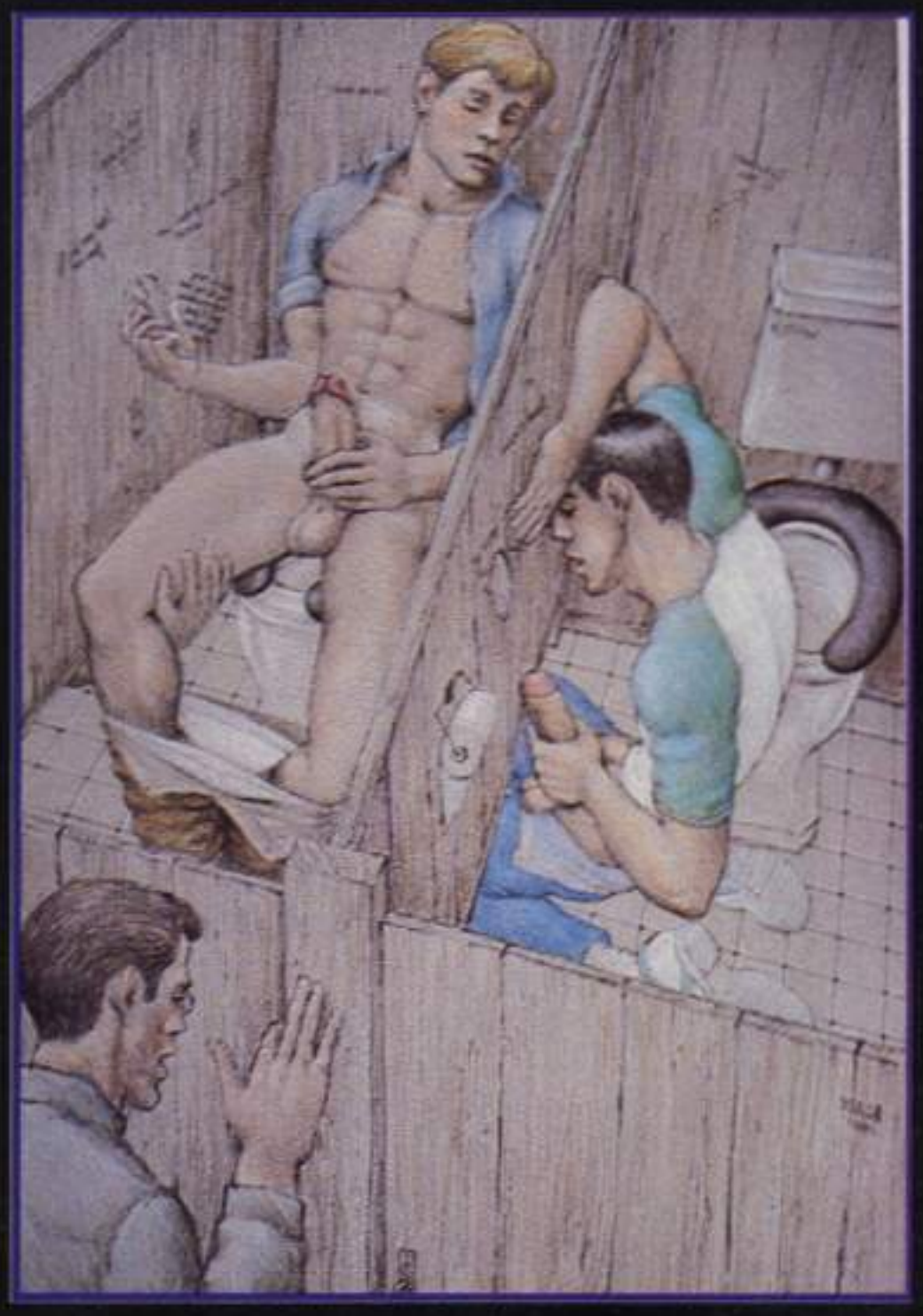
Born during World War I, Mr. Bate grew up in Seattle Washington where he had begun to draw even before school age. In grade school he began to draw his young peers into his (as well

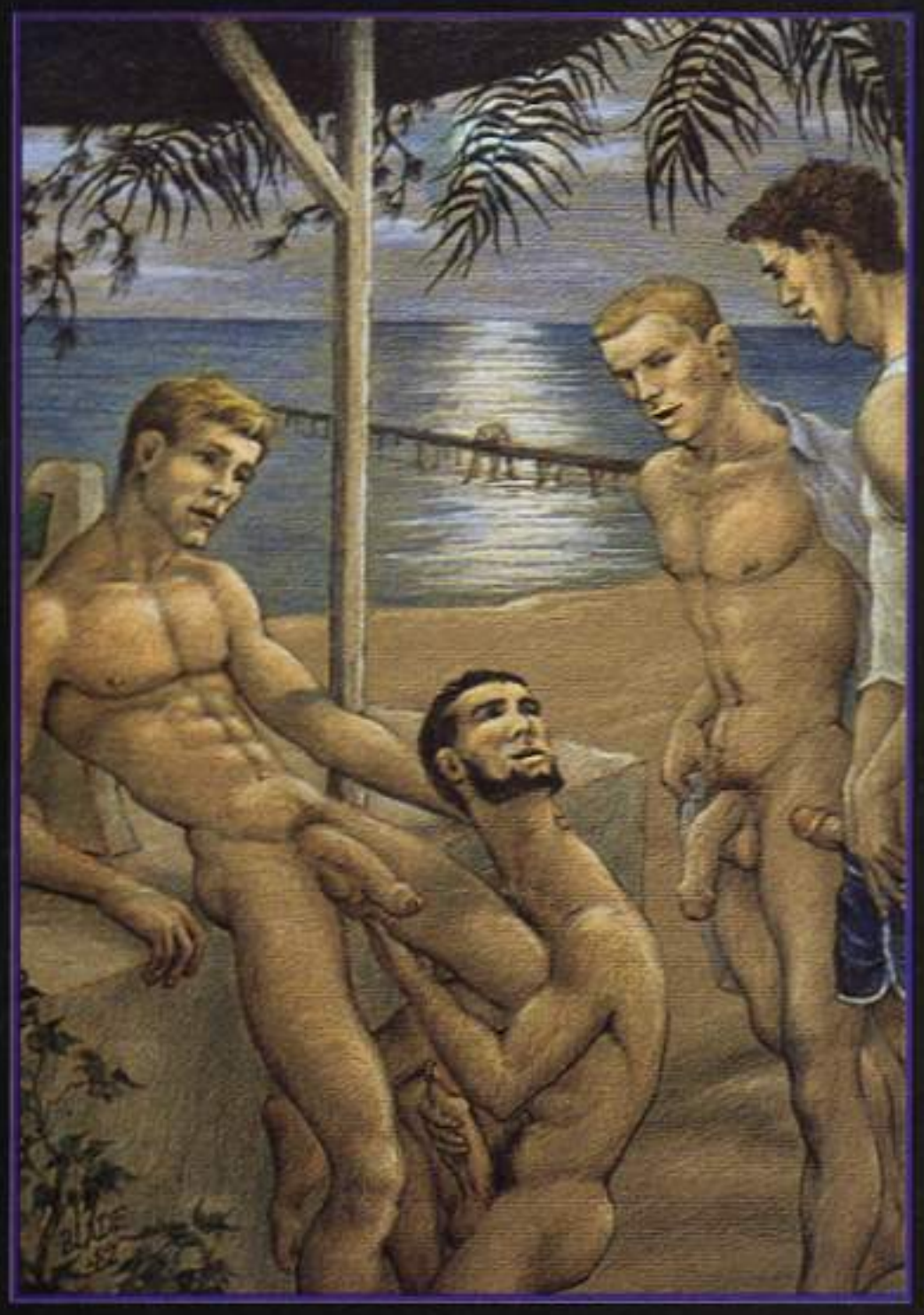
as their own) sexual fantasies. It seemed completely natural to him to picture all the discoveries he and his friends were making about themselves and about each other...as natural to Neel, in fact, as making the discoveries. He eventually won a scholarship to study under Mark Tobey, then later, another to the celebrated Cornish School where music, dance and drama were required as part of the art course. Martha Graham was the dance teacher and Neel's first stage set was almost as much of a thrill to him as his first academic life class. The double disaster of the Great Depression and a family crisis made dropping out of art school a necessity. Jobs were desperately scarce so Neel hitch-hiked to California where, amazingly, he found work requiring his drawing talent. Nightschool classes became a habit continuing into the 80's. During World War II the artist served with the wartime Merchant Marine (an experience which inspired a substantial output of erotic drawings) and, in 1945, moved to New York City [where he made his home until his death].

.....

The series entitled "THE BARN" 1947/48 was spread through the country and beyond







when the only photo-copies of it were confiscated by the New York City Police Department in the arrest of a man (during a raid on his apartment) who had hoped to sell them. Such raids on the homes of gay men were a commonplace of the period.

New York City's "Finest" apparently knew a good thing when they saw it - because soon after the pictures had been carted off to the police depository, photo-sets of the twelve images started doing a brisk, underground business on the streets of New York. From there on, traffic in the pictures burgeoned and over the years small fortunes changed hands. Endless re-photographing of 3rd, 4th, and 5th generation prints resulted in ever fuzzier images but the trade nevertheless persisted energetically well into the 1960's. Mr. Bate, of course, never realized a penny from the voluminous traffic in his erotic visions. He could not exactly complain to the police. The artist did not, however, lose the images entirely. His good friend, George Platt Lynes, had painstakingly recorded all of Neels drawings before various disasters befell them and LLGAF is fortunate to own many of those perfectly produced negatives. It is these Platt Lynes negatives that are the basis for the superb reproductions of Mr. Bate's work in the book, The Barn, 1948, and other "Dirty Pictures" by Blade. The book was co-published by The Leslie-Lohman Gallery and The Stompers Gallery.

In 1957 a second depredation was visited on Neel. The bulk of his collection of original works were stolen at gun-point. That is why the earliest, still extant originals date from no earlier than the mid-50's. During the 40's and 50's the mere possession of gay erotica was a crime and collectors often called each other, jittery in the middle of the night, afraid they were about to be raided. The artist could not even report an armed robbery to the police because of the nature of the loot. That did not, however, stop his out-pouring of work. A neighbor (who walked in on the robbery and was detained along with Neel while the thug's confederate ransacked the apartment for every scrap of a sketch) had something of a nervous breakdown afterwards. Neel was busy that evening. drawing as usual.

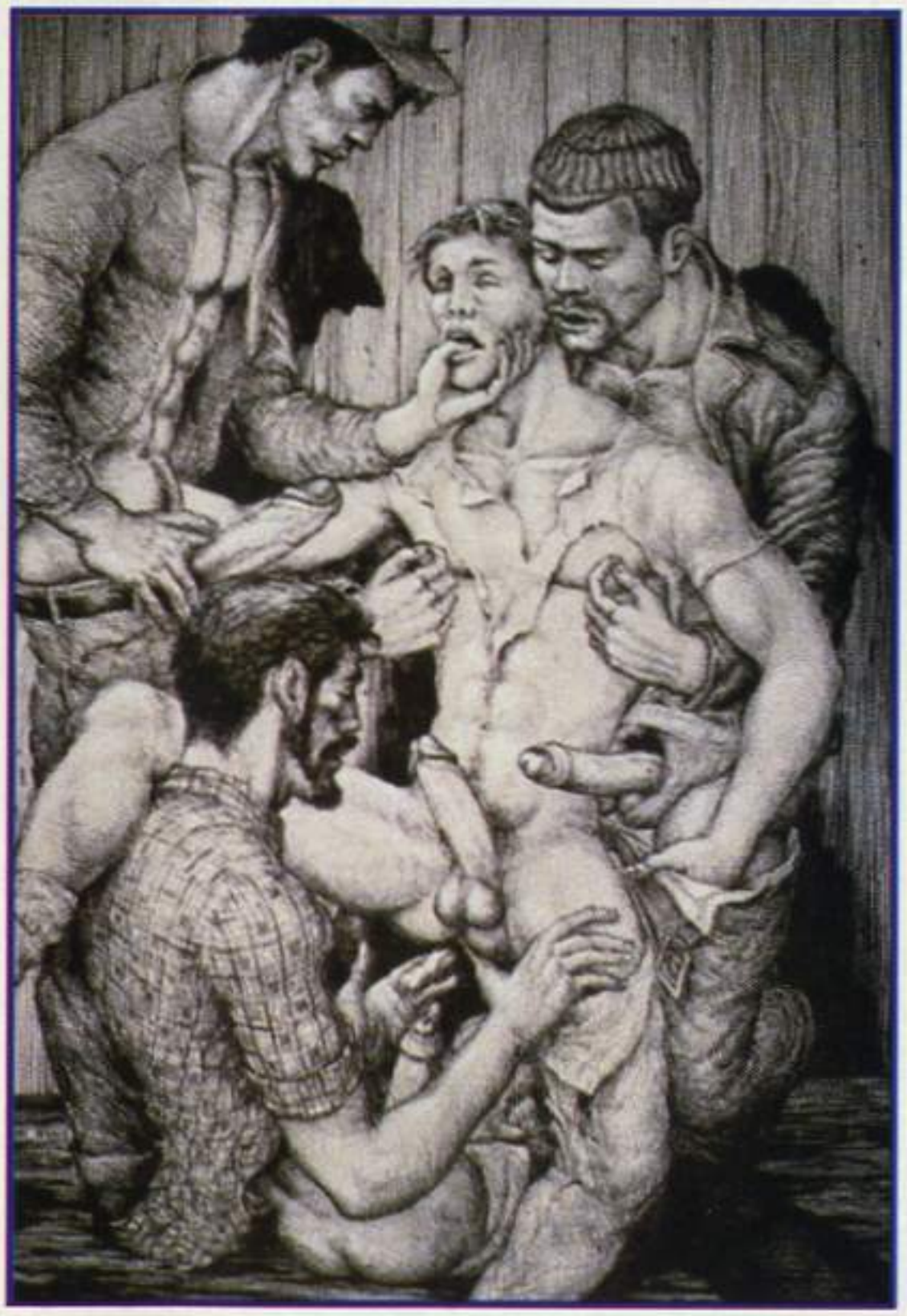
The closet most gay men were in at that time was something of a refuge, and Neel, along with his art, withdrew into it somewhat; but only temporarily. The 60's, of course, changed everything and Neel started to sell privately to friends. BLADE was the name he adopted when, in the mid- 70's, he finally decided to let his erotic drawings be published and shown publicly. Subsequently he discovered a cache of early pencil drawings on typewriter paper (late 50's/early 60's). Apart from being fascinating works of art, they are artifacts of the modern history of gay sexual imagery.

The book, The Barn, 1948, and other Dirty Pictures by Blade, contains the original dialogue Neel wrote to accompany The Barn, as well as other story vignettes, written at the time, to go with the drawings in the book. One, a verse called Glory Story, was inspired by a W.H. Auden poem. Copies of all these early things were acquired by Dr. Kinsey and are in the famous archive in Bloomington.

Neel Bate continued to produce work well into the 80's. He was, however, a heavy smoker and died of emphysema on June 27, 1989, shortly after the advent of AIDS. The Leslie-Lohman Gallery closed its doors during this period to be reborn in 1990 as The Leslie-Lohman Gay Art Foundation.

Neel Bate wrote and illustrated a great number of his own stories and was known and published extensively in New York in the gay underground of the 40's, 50's, 60's, 70's and 80's. Since many of his pieces were stolen or have been destroyed by "unenlighted" people or lost we know they must reside "out there." If you know of the whereabouts of origional work by "Blade" please let us know. LLGAF is cataloging his work and the more information we have the better to document a time and place that is but a memory now. We are also interested in interviewing friends and acquaintances to get a more complete picture of this unique artist and to trace the whereabouts of his remaining works.

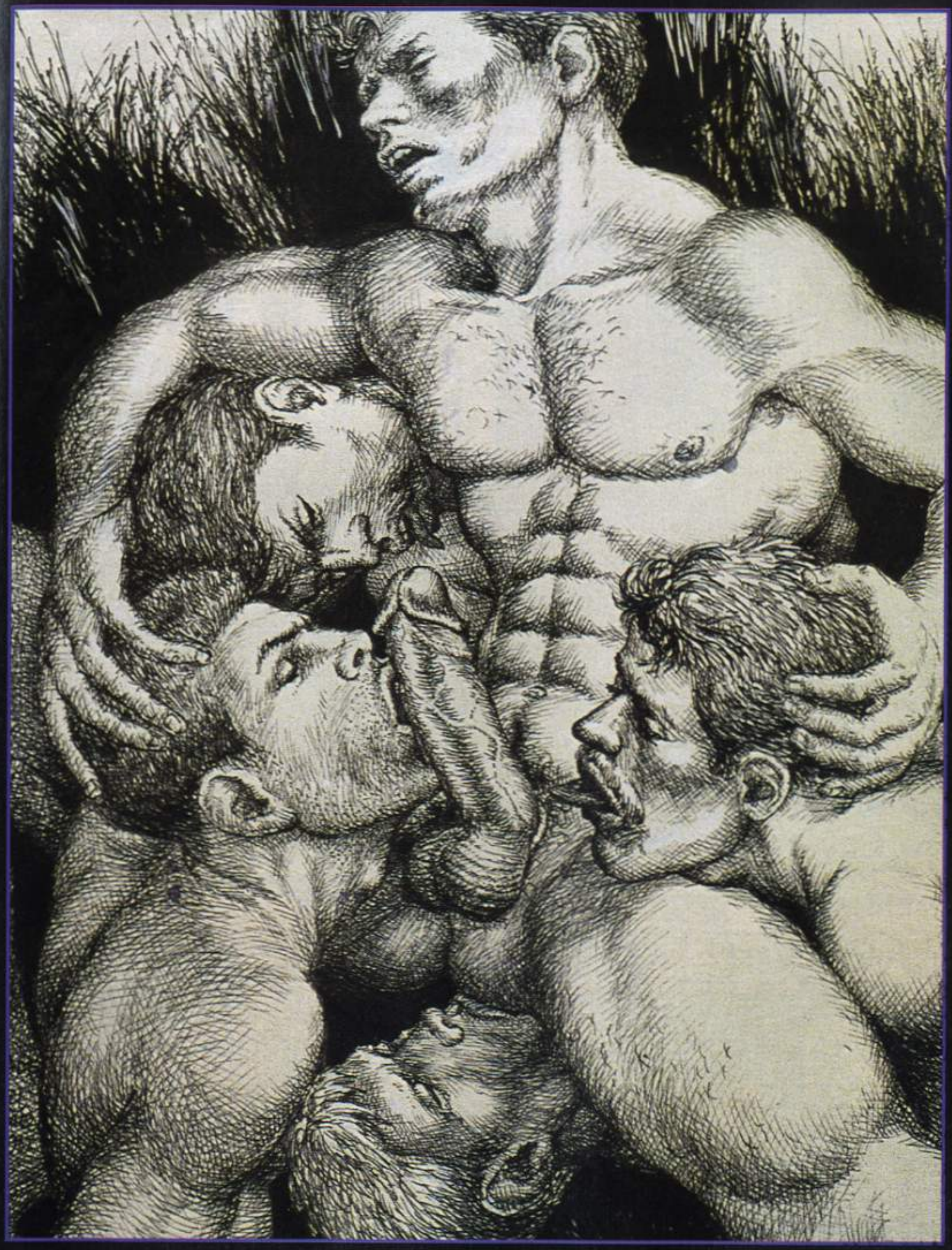
The slender volume The Barn 1948 and More Dirty Pictures by Blade was published by Stompers and the Leslie-Lohman Gallery in 1980. It consists of a series of explicit homoerotic short stories written and illustrated by Blade. LLGAF still has a number of them available for $10 each and it can be acquired by contacting the Foundation. bb



The Leslie-Lohman Gay Art Foundation is a non-profit foundation dedicated to protecting, promoting, and showing gay and lesbian art that may be endangered because of ignorance and misunderstanding due to subject matter and content of a sexual kind.

To receive information about The Leslie-Lohman Gay Art Foundation write to:

Wayne Snellen, Director, LLGAF, 131 Prince Street, New York, NY 10012 - telephone: (212) 673-7007 - fax: (212) 260-0363. The gallery is located at 127 Prince Street (Basement). You can also check out our web site at: http://www.planet.net/corp/Leslie_Lohman - E-mail: lldirector@earthlink.net.



TIME RIDER

BY CRAIG ESPOSITO

Episode 12: Romance by Earthlight...

I BROUGHT YOU HERE! I'VE MISSED YOU, BABE!

HAVE YOU HAD SOME ADVENTURES?

QUITE SOME!

WHERE THE FUCK AM I?

WELCOME TO THE 31ST CENTURY!...

AND MY CONDO ON THE MOON!

WOW! THAT'S SOME VIEW!!

READY TO SEE THE SIGHTS?

BUCKLE UP! WE'RE OFF!

EXIT

Luna Park

CAREFUL, TIM, SOME OF THESE GUYS HAVE FORKED DICKS, AND 3 ASSHOLES!

HEY, THERE'S SOMEONE I WANT YOU TO MEET!

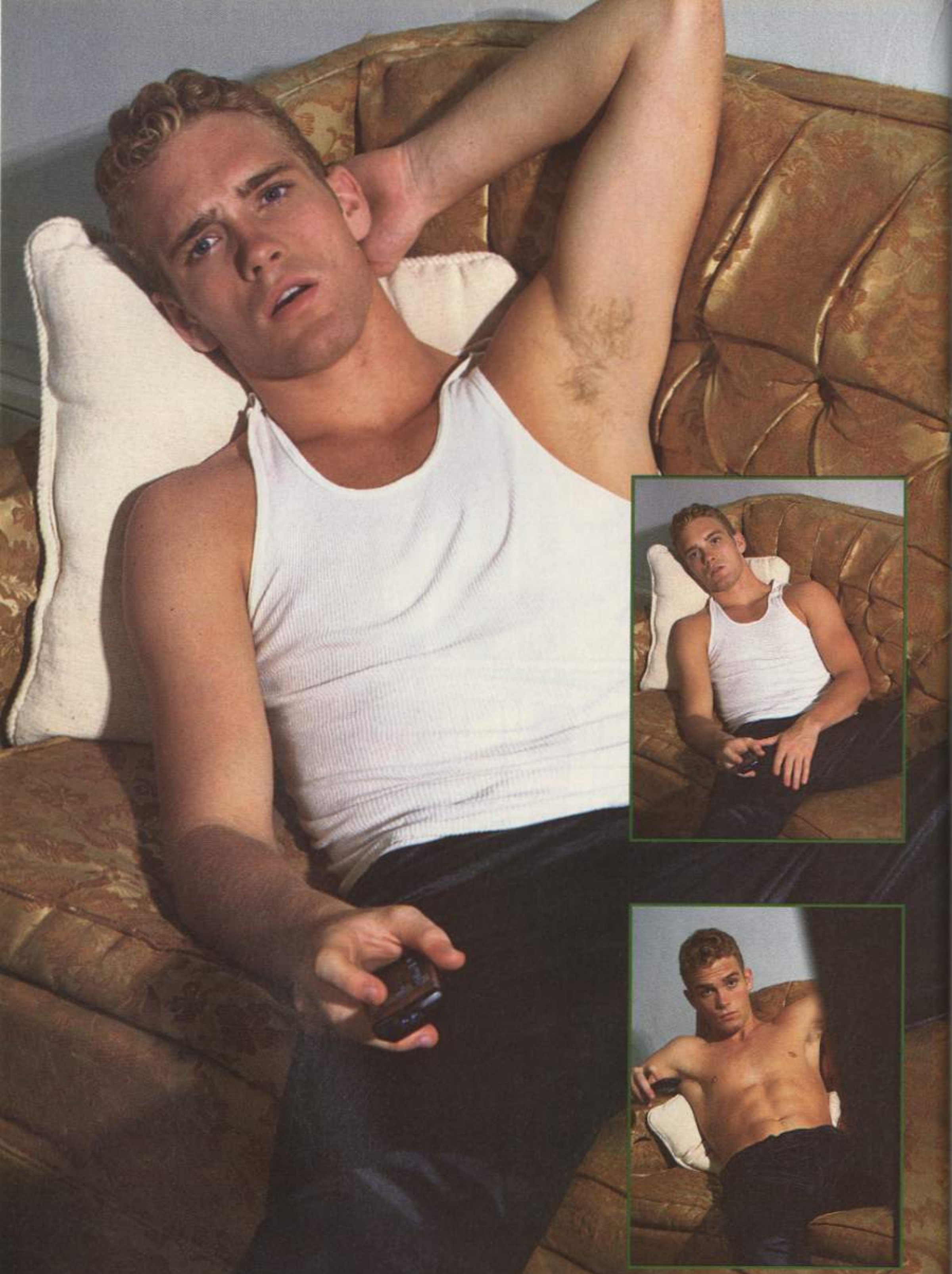
NOW YOU'RE TALKING!

PLEASED TO MEET YOU!

LET'S GO TO THE WEIGHTLESS ORGY ROOM!

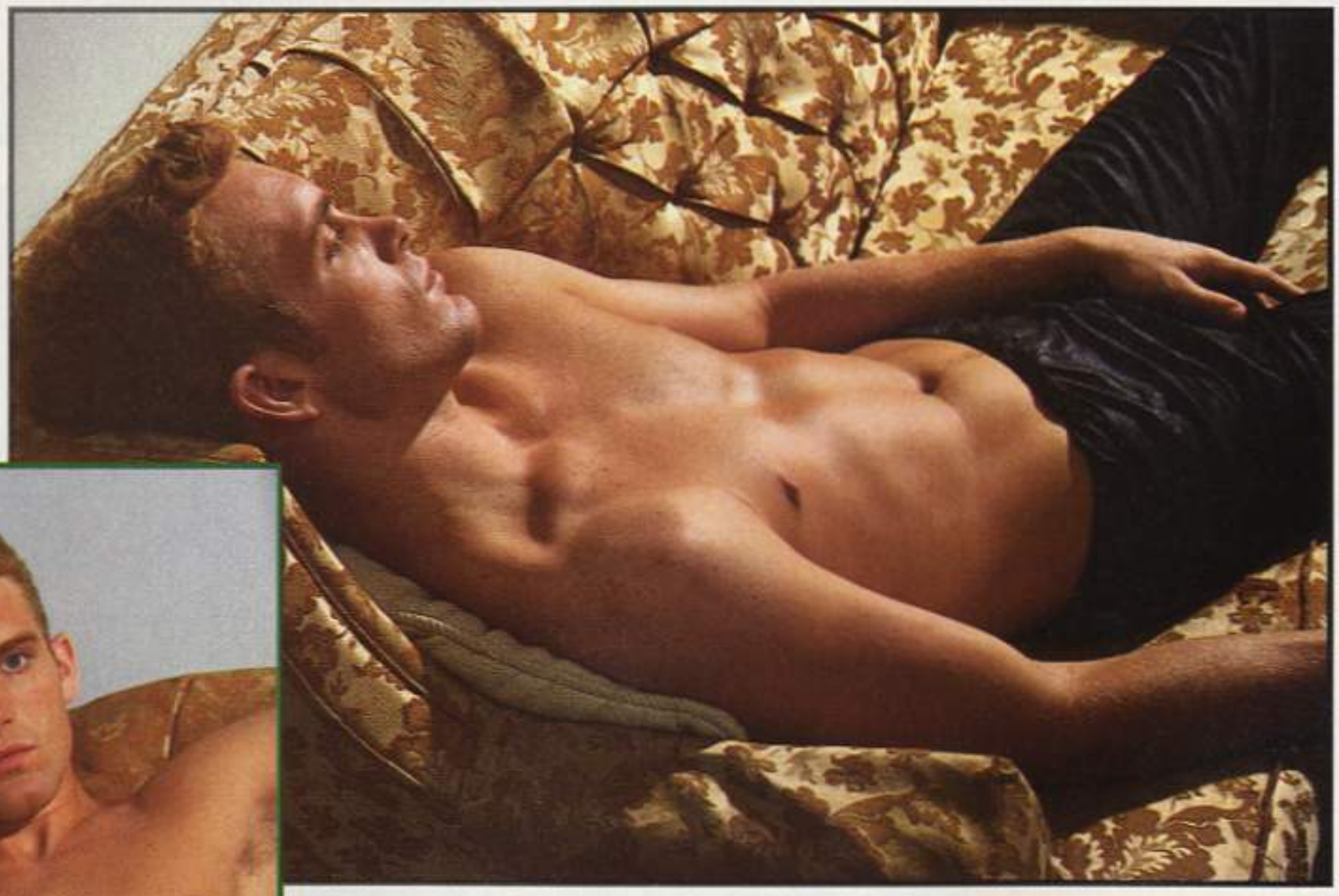
HELP!

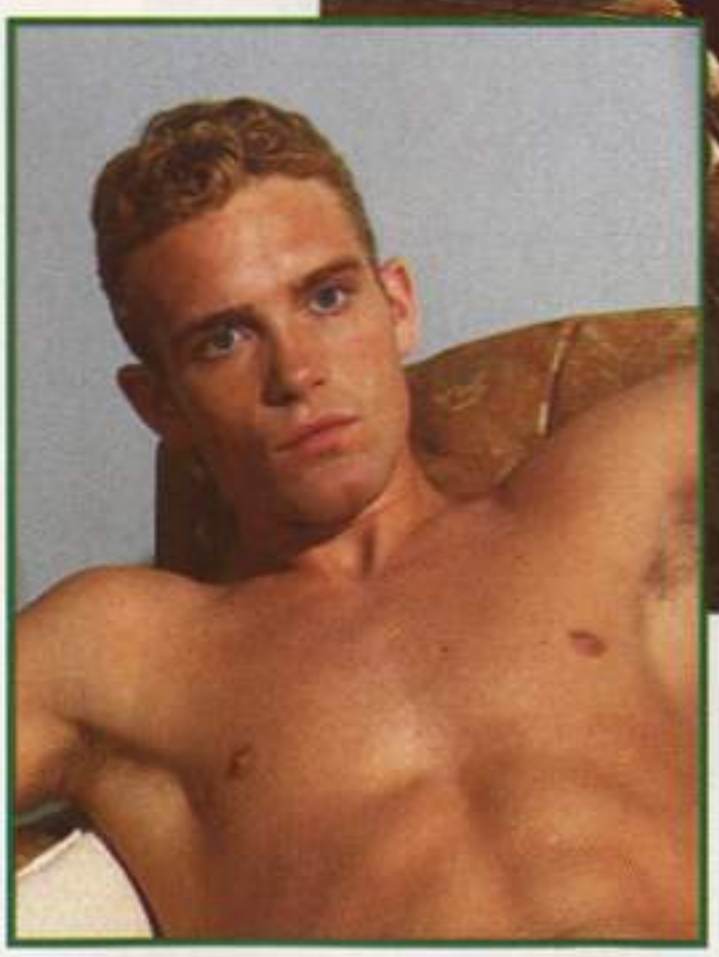
To be continued...



MERCURY STUDIO

Sean Ward





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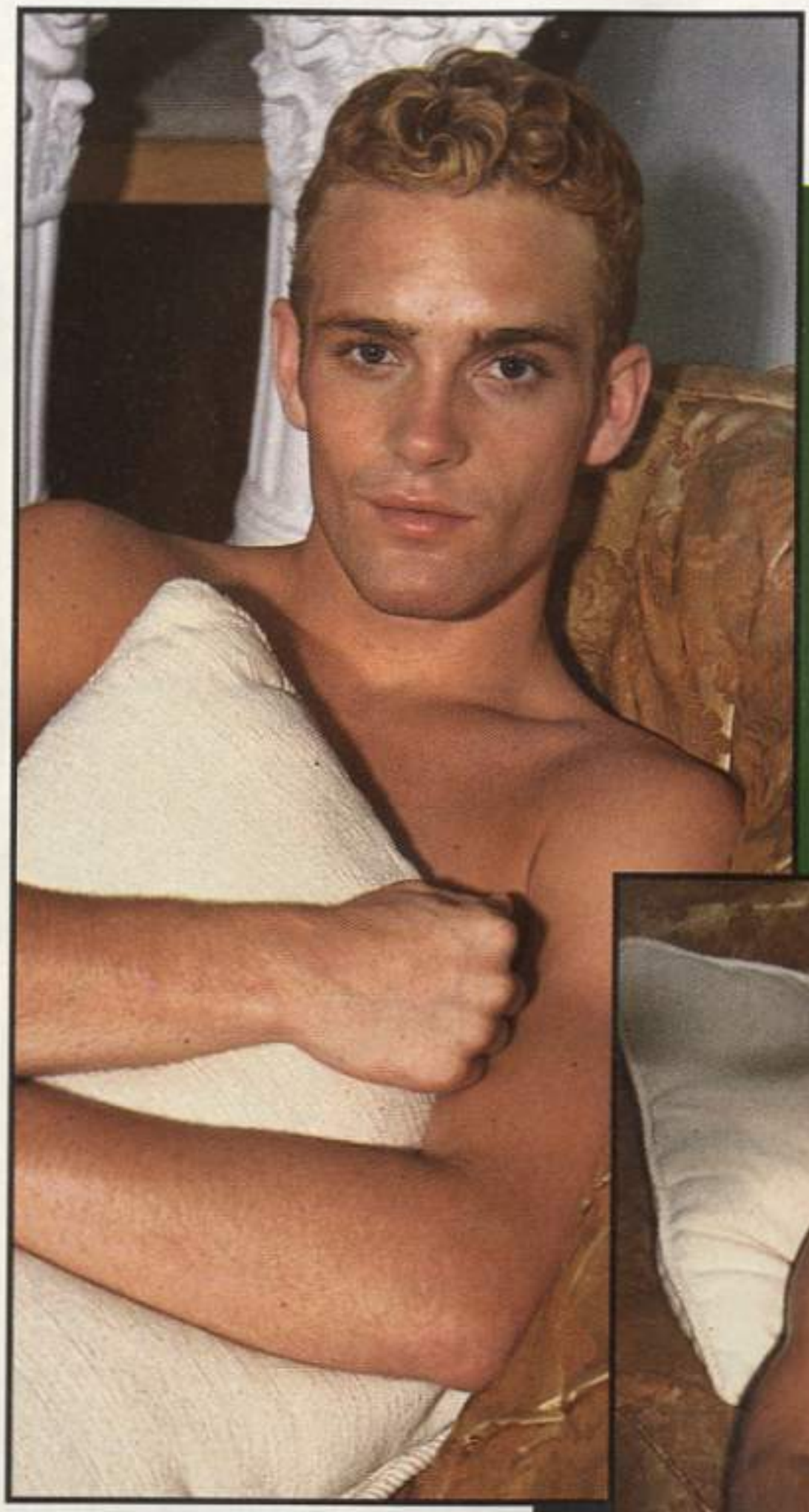
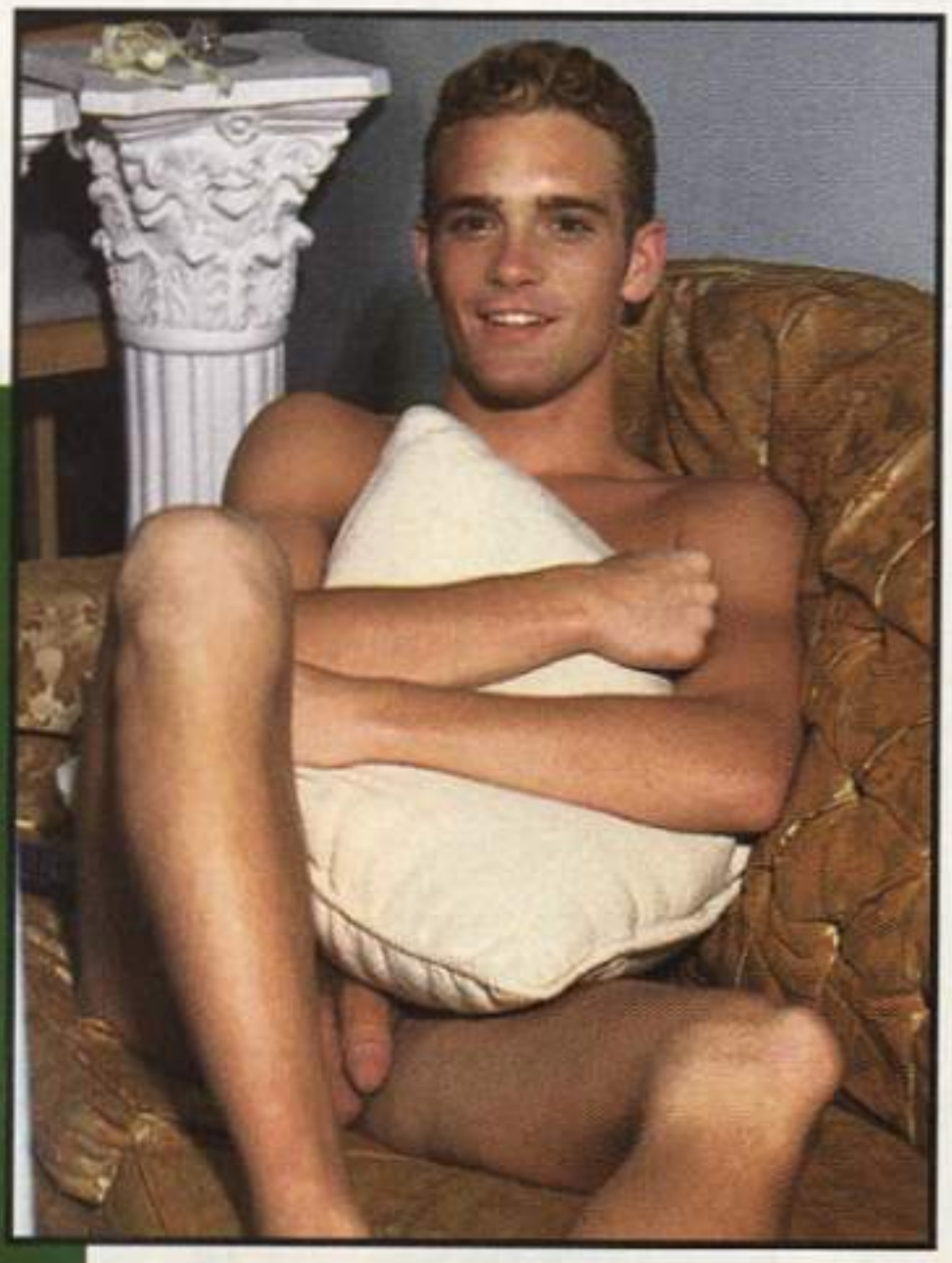




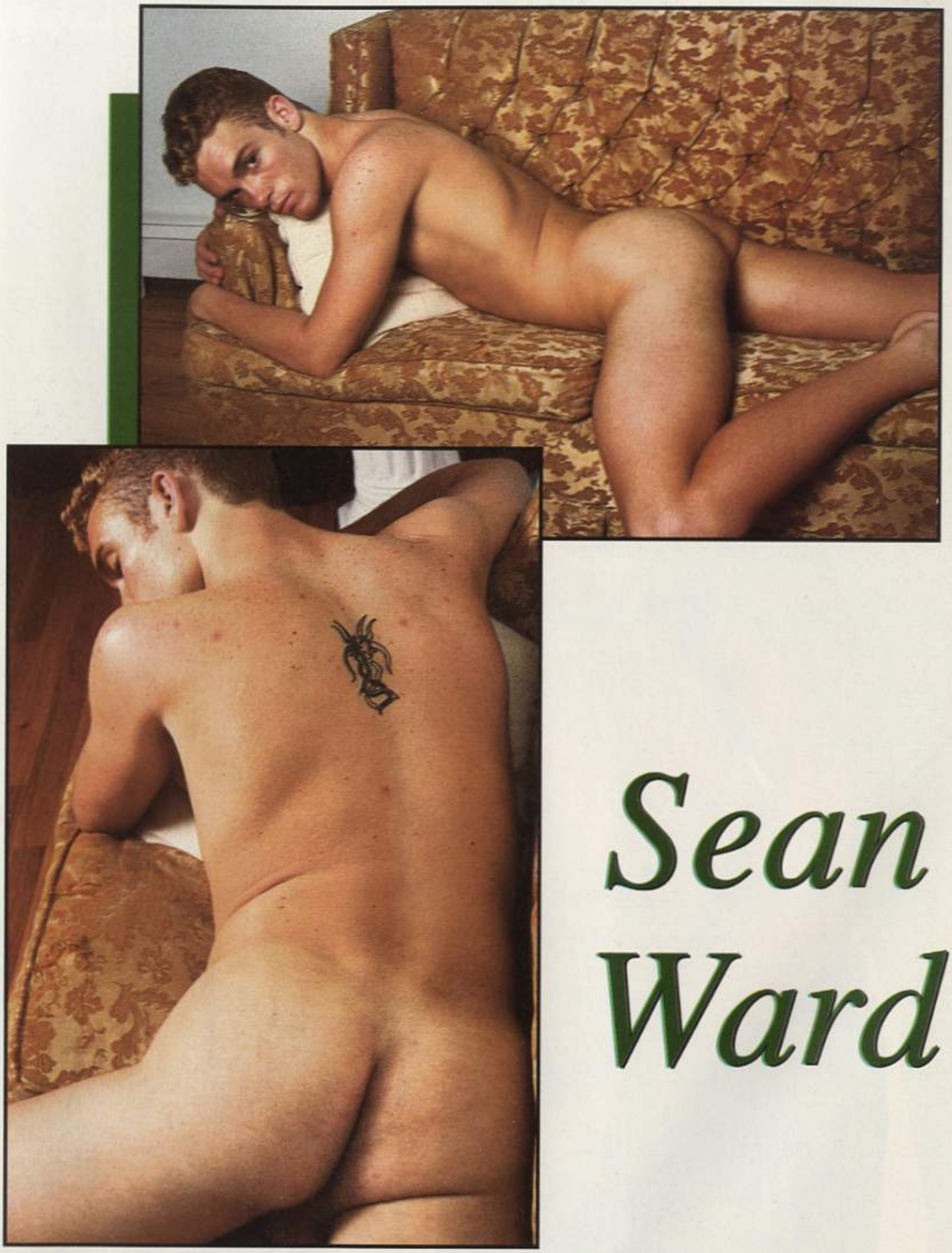
MERCURY STUDIO

SeanWard

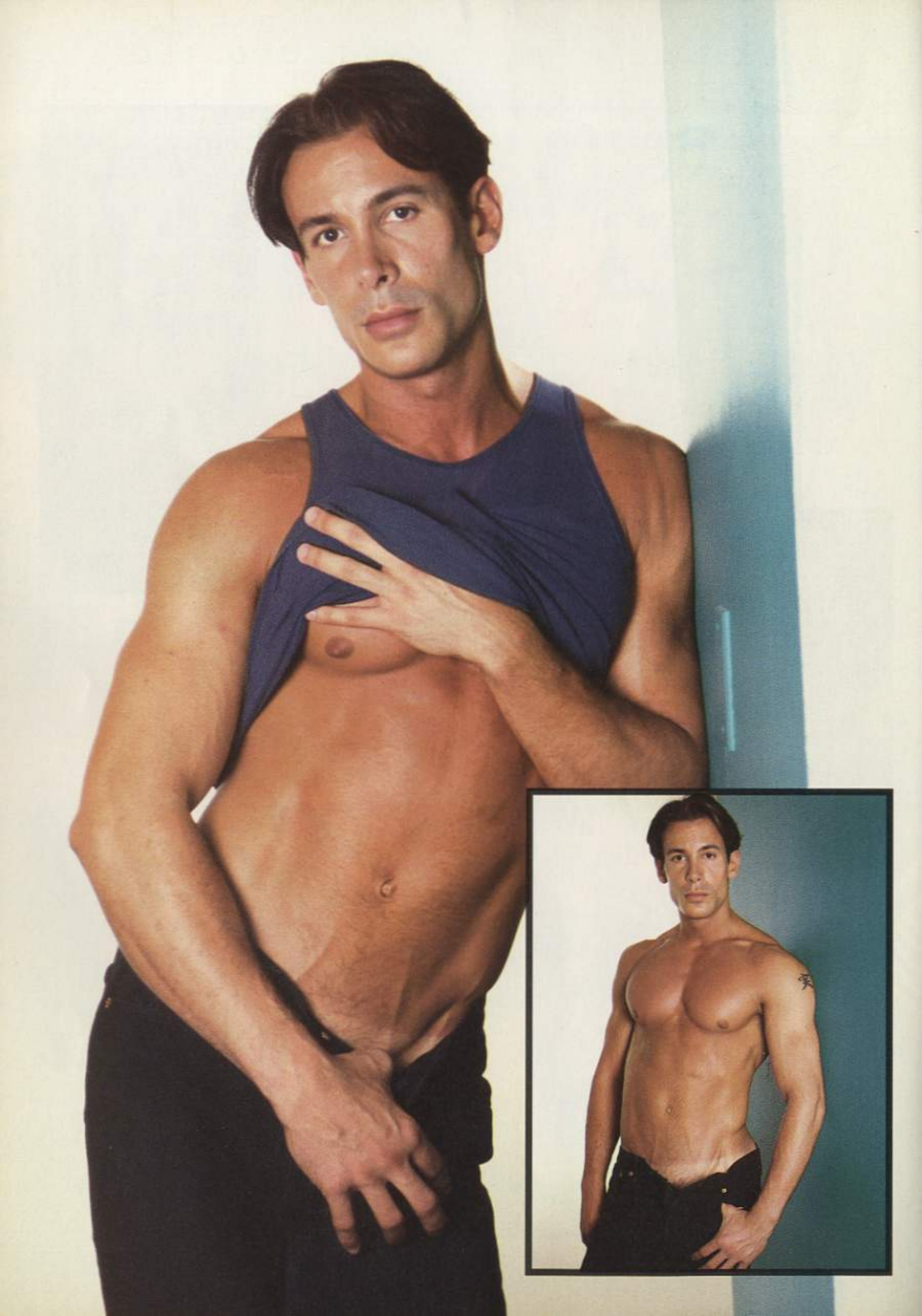
blueboy magazine

DECEMBER 97

MERCURY STUDIO



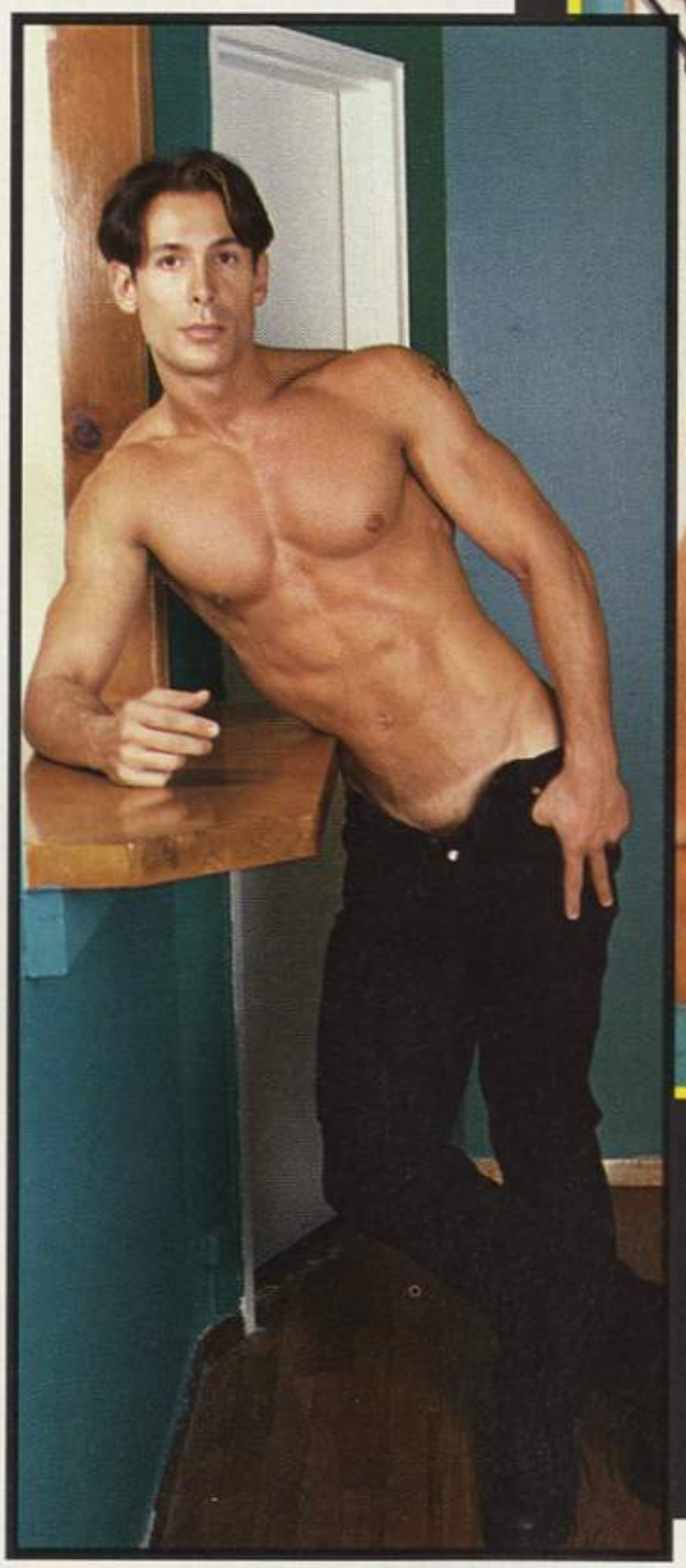
Sean Ward

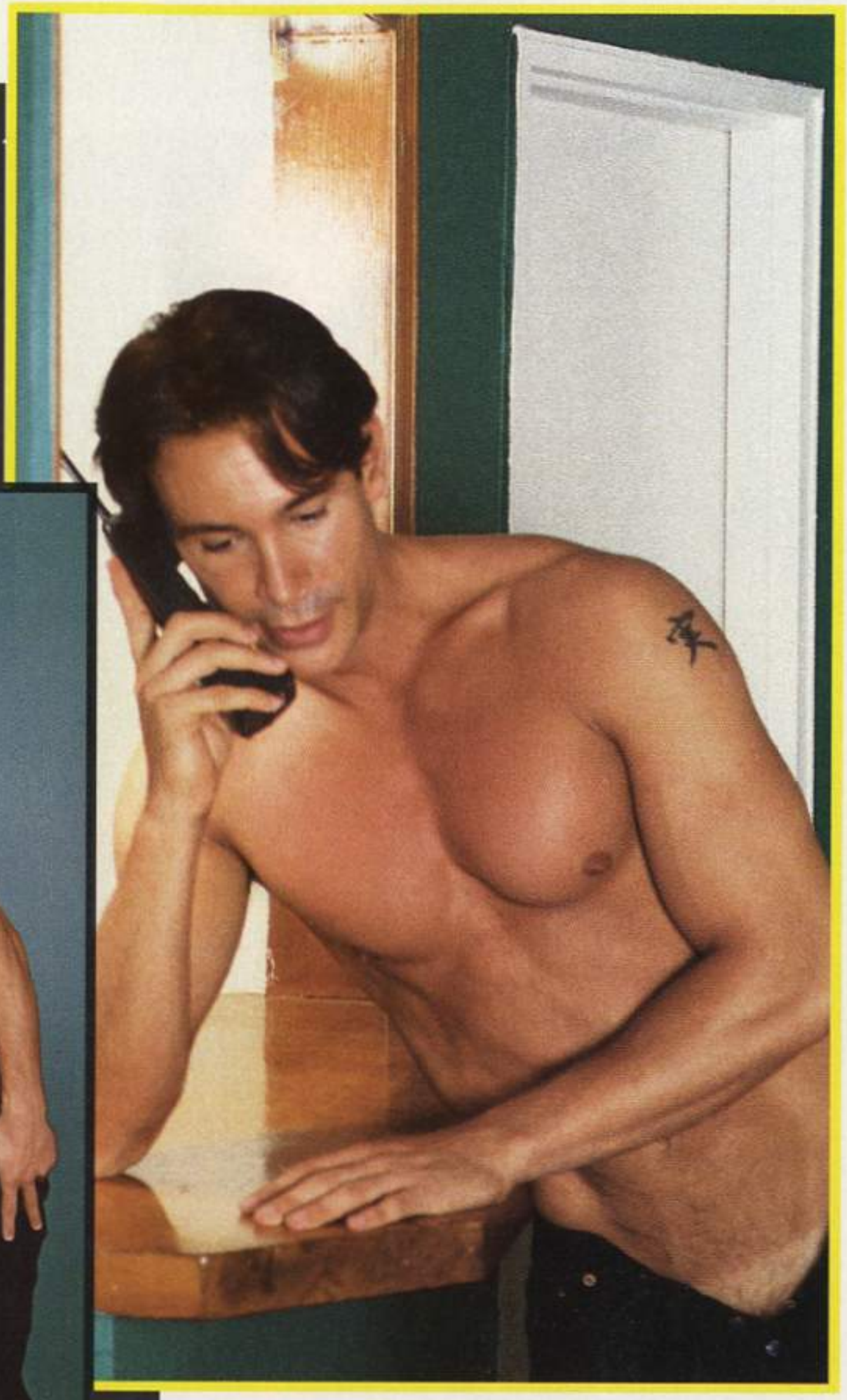


MERCURY STUDIO

Alec Brookes

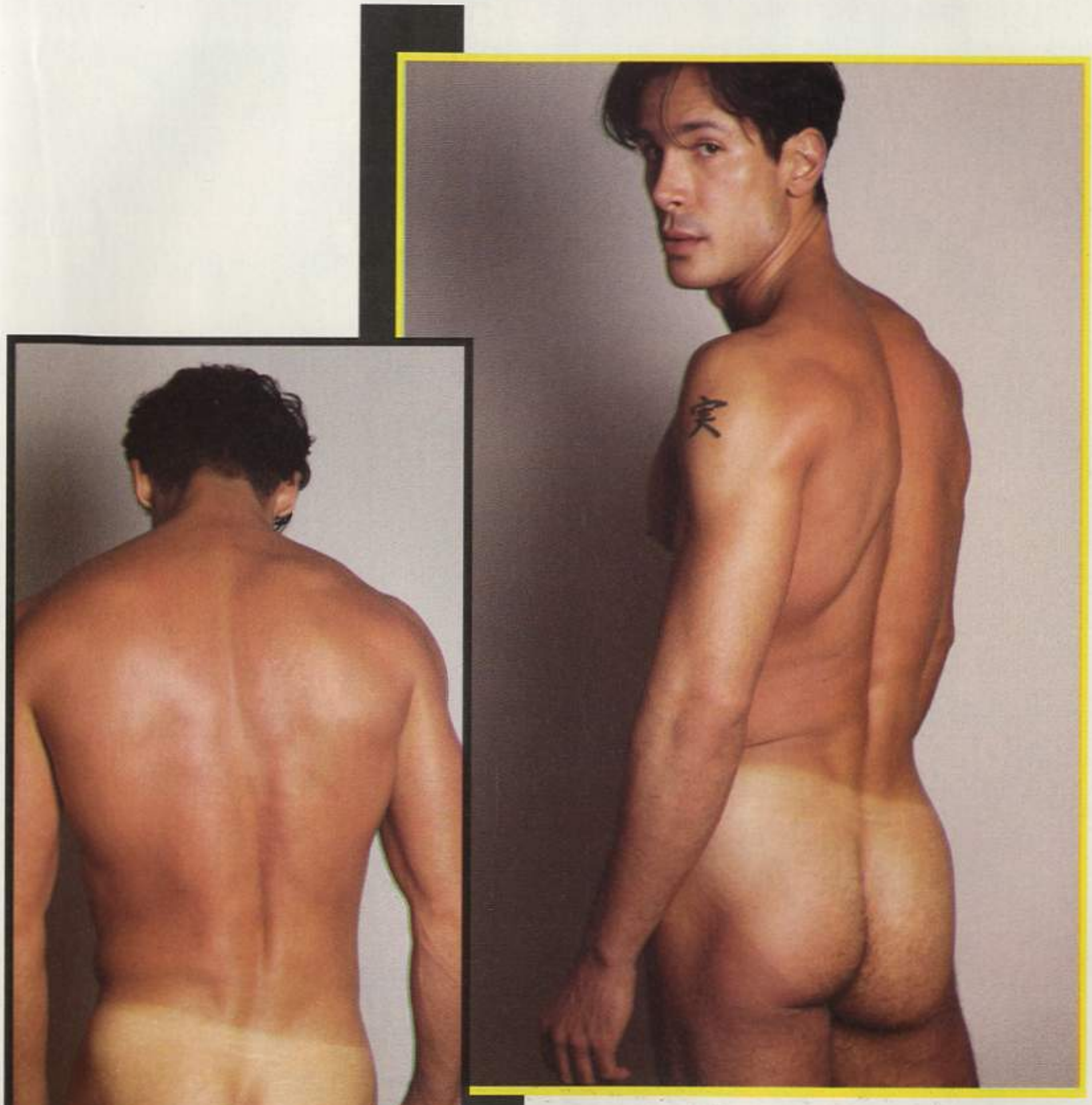
blueboy 77 magazine





Alec Brookes

MERCURY STUDIO



Alec Brookes

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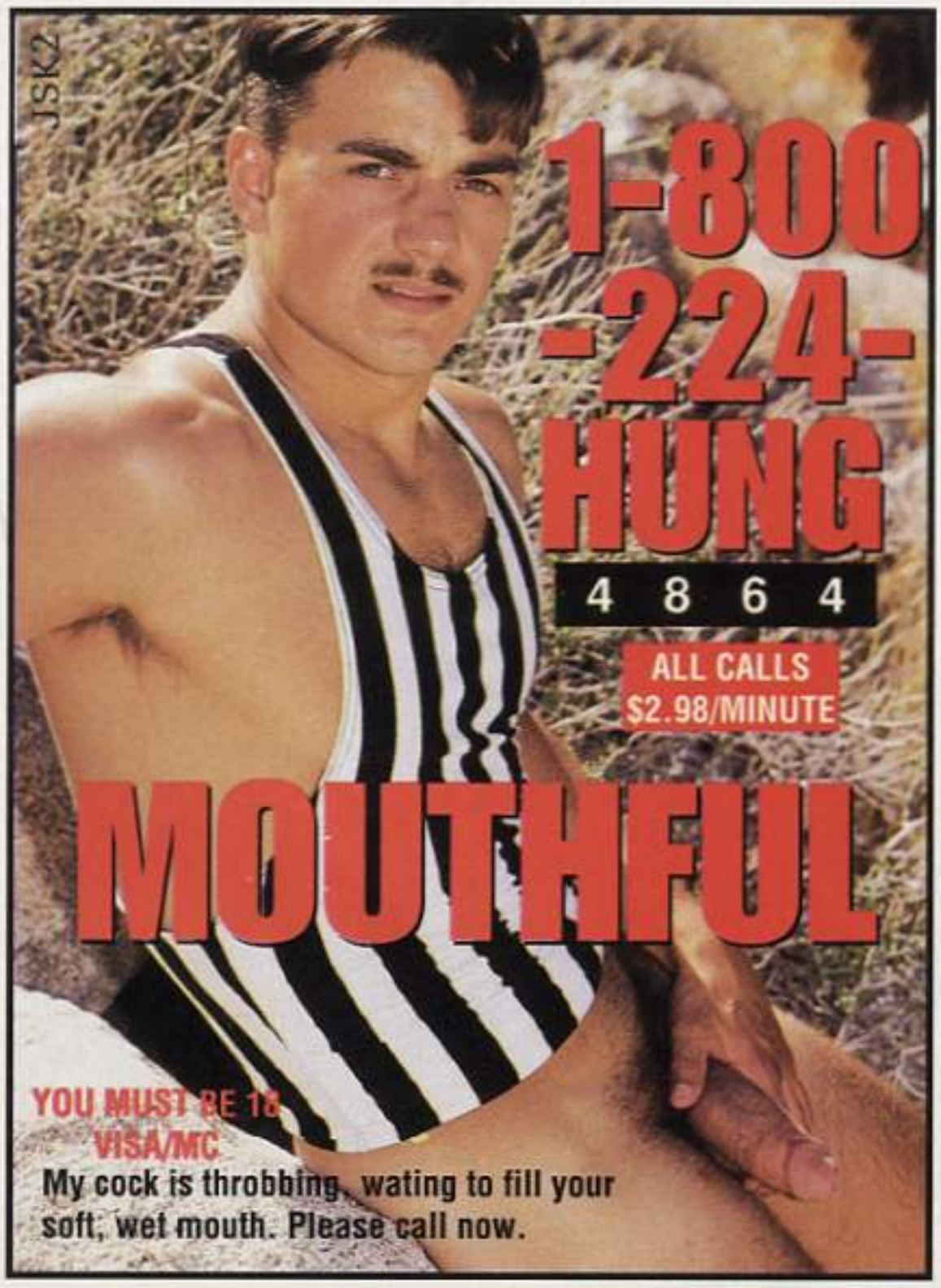
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YOU MUST BE 18
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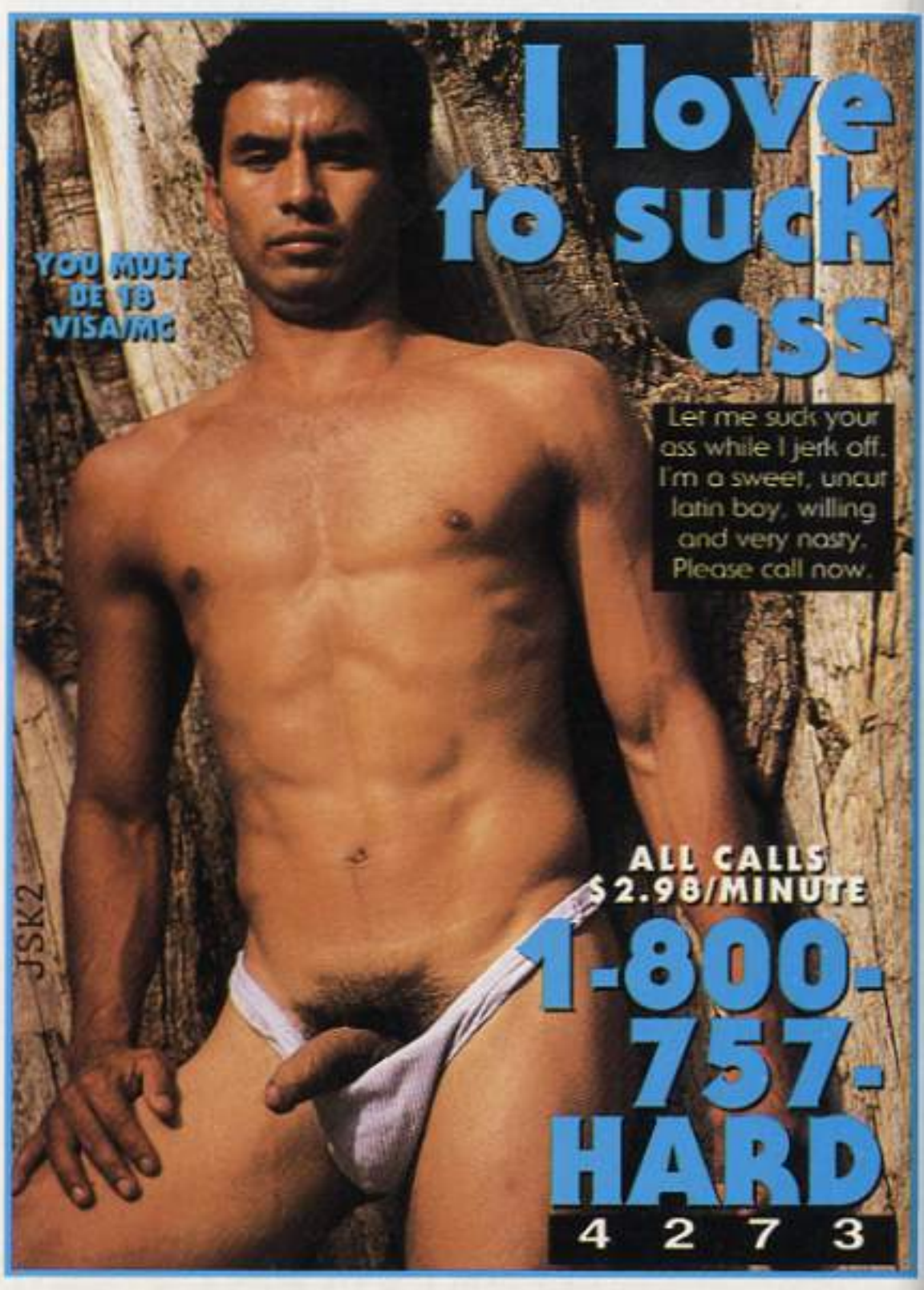
My cock is throbbing, wating to fill your soft, wet mouth. Please call now.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YOU MUST BE 18 VISA/MC
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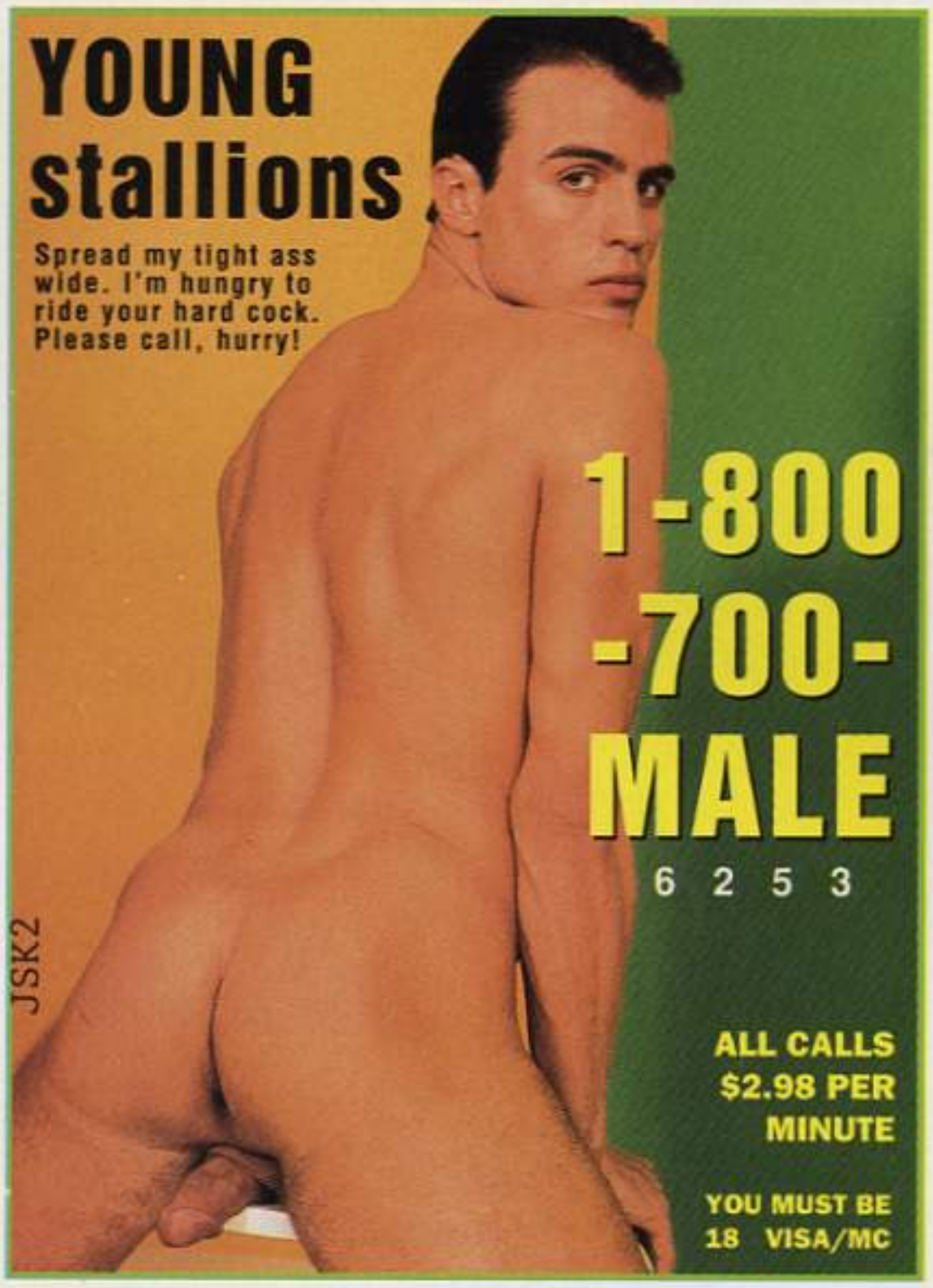
YOUNG stallions
Spread my tight ass wide. I'm hungry to ride your hard cock. Please call, hurry!
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-700-
MALE
6 2 5 3
ALL CALLS
$2.98 PER MINUTE
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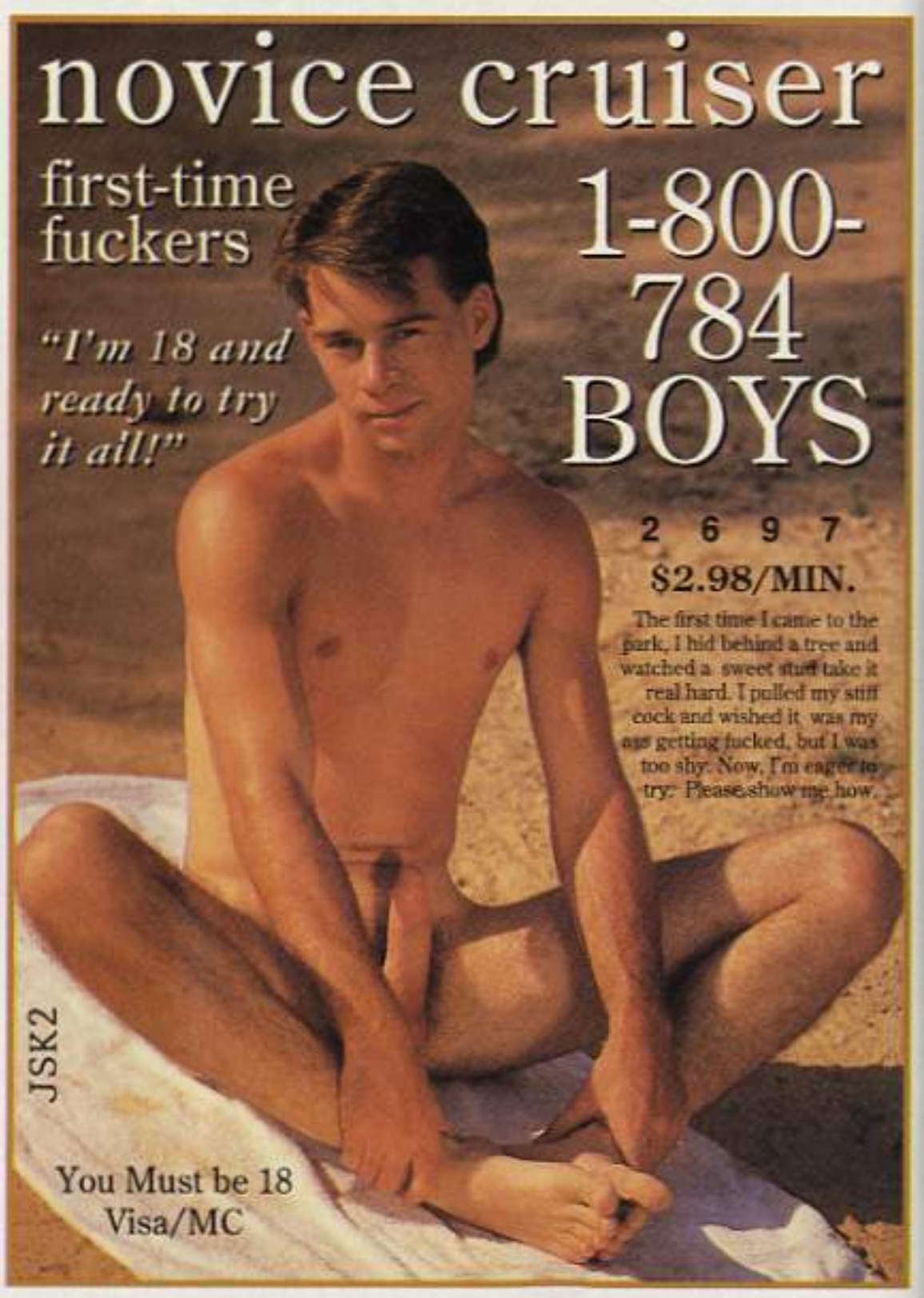
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ALABAMA, Northern - This is Mark, 36, 6'4", muscular & I love wearing skin tight jeans. I'm bi & ISO a similar male who can travel part ways if necessary. ✆**10343**

ALABAMA, Huntsville - Hi guys, my name's John, 31, extremely bi curious WM, ISO other drug & disease free bi or GM's who would be interested in showing me the way. ✆**42045**

ALABAMA, Talladega - Ray, 42, 5'55", 135#, bi/bi, submissive male ISO huge, dominant males to take control of me. You won't be sorry! ✆**44942**

ARKANSAS, Ft. Smith - Bisexual, MWM, 40, 5'8", 150#. ISO other males for discrete get togethers & to fool around with! Call - let's get together! ✆**23751**

ARKANSAS, Portsmouth - MWM, 42, 5'8", 160# ISO a WM, about the same height. You should be 28-45 or so. I'm interested in meeting on a regular basis & evening hours are best for me. ✆**45896**

CALIFORNIA, Manteca - Hi, my name's Frank, 28, 6', 185#, athletic build & bi. ISO any interested men out there! Leave a message! ✆**36373**

CALIFORNIA, Los Angeles - My name is Tom, 39 & of mixed heritage. I seek men of all ages for discrete times. This is my first time & I hope I can find someone who is gentle. ✆**49770**

CALIFORNIA, Nevada - This is Rob, new to swinging, was married 13 years & the thought about being w/another man really turns me on. We split up when she found out & still have all her toys! Call me! ✆**42118**

CALIFORNIA, Merced - SWM, 34, 210# seeks other discrete males for erotic times. ✆**47930**

CALIFORNIA, Modesto - Slender WM, 36 ISO other males, 18-36 for occasional meetings. Gay, bi or MM's welcome. ✆**48706**

CALIFORNIA, Riverside - I'm a MWM ISO a top male for hot times. I'm very submissive, a bottom & straight acting. ✆**48967**

CALIFORNIA, San Bernardino - Bi males wanted! I'm a male, 40 & assure you, I'm discrete. ✆**50464**

CALIFORNIA, Sacramento - I'm John, bi male. I'm 6' & very friendly. Bi guys, give me a call. ✆**50874**

CALIFORNIA, Sunnyvale - I'm a bi curious male ISO another curious male, 18-25 preferred. ✆**49753**

CALIFORNIA, San Diego - Professional, WM, 5'11", 175#, br/haz. ISO hot White tops, between 25 & 45, for extremely hot times. I'm interested in taking care of all of your needs! ✆**35919**

CALIFORNIA, Upland - I'm Mike, 30, 6'1", br/bl & I'm ISO White or AM's, legal age to 25, who are curious. Looks unimportant - just be open minded! ✆**45733**

CALIFORNIA, Fresno - I'm Timothy, BM, 33. I'm 5'9" w/nicely permed hair & seek good looking males, 26-40. Hispanic males & bodybuilders especially welcome. ✆**47462**

CALIFORNIA, Foothills - MWM, 40, 6'2", 200#. ISO other MM's to talk to & swap stories, fantasies & experience. ✆**47539**

CALIFORNIA, San Bernardino - I'm a MM, 34 ISO another male for my first experience. If you're 25-35, physically fit & patient, please call. WM's preferred. ✆**49610**

CALIFORNIA, Stockton - SWM seeks other males for hot times. Maybe we can indulge in a little self pleasure. ✆**48858**

CALIFORNIA, Hacienda Heights - My name is Wade, 37, 6'6", WM. I want to meet males who are very oral. Thank you. ✆**47307**

CALIFORNIA, Sacramento - Handsome male, 24 ISO other males for friendship, possibly more. ✆**43968**

CALIFORNIA, Rowland Heights - Mike,HM, 30, 5'8", 175# ISO another male for erotic phone chats or intimate, personal meetings. I'll be waiting! ✆**44317**

CALIFORNIA, Stockton - Male, early 40's ISO other males in the neighboring area for hot meetings. Interested? ✆**36350**

COLORADO, Stockton - Submissive bi WM, CD seeks White & Black bi males & CPL's who are shaved & curious. ✆**50691**

CONNECTICUT, Bristol - My name is Rob, 6'2", 185#, bi WM. I'm looking for other males for phone fun & possible get togethers in my area. ✆**41477**

DELAWARE, Middletown - WM, 26 ISO older, bi WM's for anything goes fun. I'm willing to try anything, just name it & we'll see if we can make it work! ✆**45397**

DELAWARE, Wilmington - This is Tom, 6'3", 39, WM, 210#, bi/bi, moustache, fit. ISO another guy who's interested in showing me what it's like to be w/another man. ✆**21088**

FLORIDA, Jacksonville - I'm a bi MM, 6', 175# seeking CPL's w/bi males or bi SM's who are discrete. ✆**10071**

FLORIDA, Central - My name is Mike, 34, athletic, 170#, very hairy. Interested in meeting available males throughout the state for good times. ✆**22970**

GEORGIA, Savannah - I'm a male ISO another well endowed WM for manly pleasures. Thanks guys. ✆**48907**

ILLINOIS, Chicago Land area - Male interested in finding a male friend to spend quality time with. Please call me if you're interested. ✆**22939**

ILLINOIS, Springfield - I'm a submissive WM, 6'5", 240# & 37. I'd like to meet any dominant males out there. ✆**43854**

INDIANA, Evansville - My name is Mark, 55, 5'10", 185#, bi male. I like to dress in women's lingerie, am submissive & into bondage. ISO a bi male w/similar interests. ✆**42357**

KENTUCKY, Lexington - Hi, this is Ron, fit, bi & enjoy good times. ISO other men in the area that like to get together for fun times! ✆**18875**

KENTUCKY, Bowling Green - Male, 35 & seeking men for something fun & different - morning encounters & afternoon get togethers. ✆**31718**

LOUISIANA, Alexandria - WM, 45, 5'11", 170# ISO bi CPL's & bi males. I enjoy watching & being watched, taking pictures & videos & practice safely. ✆**45715**

MARYLAND, Eastern shore - MWM, mid-30's ISO other males to teach me the bi ways. Daytime meetings best. ✆**45688**

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston - Extremely attractive bi male seeks other males that are into giving French lessons. ✆**26952**

MASSACHUSETTS, Danvers - SWM, 35, 5'8", 170#. ISO a bi or curious male for my 1st bi experience. I can travel or host near you. ✆**21345**

MICHIGAN, Detroit - Bi WM, 5'6", 160#, 30. If you'd like to meet a pretty good looking, professional young man that brings out the freak in you, enjoys seafood & other erotic activities - then leave a message. ✆**41583**

MISSISSIPPI, Jackson area - 38 year old WM seeking bi's & gays to teach me the rules! Leave way to contact. ✆**38887**

MISSISSIPPI, South - Hello, this is Charley, 40, handsome & would like to meet another male. Please contact me! ✆**41116**

MISSOURI, Kansas City - I'm an oral, bi WM seeking other males, CD's, TS's to explore sexual pleasures with. ✆**48079**

MONTANA, Great Falls - Hi, I'm a 54 year old, educated, professional MWM, 6'2", proportionate. ISO another MWM to explore bisexuality & B&D & S&M fantasies. ✆**39390**

N. CAROLINA, Raleigh-Durham - SWM, 26, 5'11", 175#, br/br, muscular build ISO WM(s), 18-30. ✆**14040**

N. CAROLINA, Concord - Hi guys, I'm an older male ISO other males for hot times. My interests include toys & much more. ✆**34536**

NEW JERSEY, Newton - Bi curious WM, 32, 5'10", 170# seeks first experience w/a WM, 18-40. I have a foot fetish also. ✆**48767**

NEW JERSEY, Northern - I'm a bi WM, into satin & lace. I'm looking for daytime encounters w/the same, preferably between 35-50. ✆**25261**

NEW JERSEY, Northern - Bi WM (w/limited experience), 45 ISO some guys, 35-45 for morning or afternoon encounters. ✆**42346**

NEW YORK, Queens - This is Anthony, 21, 5'11", 160#. ISO guys, 18-25 for erotic times. ✆**10686**

NEW YORK, Binghamton - Hello, this is Brian, 25, SWM. Interested in meeting other WM's, single or married, age not a factor, for discrete & good times. ✆**44305**

NEW YORK, Nassau County/Long Island - Hi there guys! My name is Don. I'm good looking & very much into the French culture. I'm ISO very well endowed males for a no strings attached relationship. ✆**24082**

NEW YORK, Suffolk County - Hi! I can't be shocked - but you can try! I'm a mildly bi WM, 36, 5'11", 150#, br/bl, smooth, average size w/2 gold rings under my shirt. ✆**24814**

NEW YORK, Long Island - Straight acting, 31, MWM, good looking & ISO extremely endowed males. ✆**24853**

NEW YORK, Lynbrook - Hi, I'm Frank, bi/bi w/a muscular build. I'm 28 & ISO a first time affair w/another male. ✆**49755**

NEW YORK, Brooklyn - BM, 21, 5'10", 240# ISO any males (preferably Black), 18-30 who are somewhat well endowed for a 1 time fling. Peace. ✆**25388**

NEW YORK, Huntington Station - Hello there! I've been having to trouble meeting other men out there. I'm very cute, shy, discrete male, 5'8", 155#, drug & disease free. I can fulfill any of your fantasies! ✆**35022**

NEW YORK, Long Island - This thin, good looking MM seeks a well endowed male who enjoys the French culture. ✆**29196**

OHIO, Olena - My name is Wayne, 31. I'm 5'9", 160# & ISO TV's, TS's & hermaphrodites. I have some ideas but need someone to teach me. ✆**50760**

OKLAHOMA, Oklahoma City - I'm a bi WM, 38, 5'10", 180#. I enjoy both the French & Greek cultures & can be submissive. Guys, give me a call & we'll play. ✆**45069**

OKLAHOMA, Tonkawa - SM, CD ISO other CD's or bi males for dress-up fun. ✆**50176**

OREGON, McMinnville - MWM, 30 ISO other bi males for hot times. Please leave your number & I'll get right back to you. ✆**36398**

OREGON, Cottage Grove - I'm a WM, 37, 6' ISO other males. I have a partner but I crave more! ✆**47720**

OREGON, Albany - Hello, this SWM, 34, wants to meet bi guys for mutual satisfaction & good conversations. ✆**28457**

PENNSYLVANIA, Hazleton - Steve, 5'11", 175#, 31, br/br ISO another male, 20-38 who is very discrete. ✆**23821**

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia - My name is Ken, 31, 170# & well built. I'm very straight acting, educated & employed & ISO other select males w/similar backgrounds. Discretion is a must. ✆**50855**

PENNSYLVANIA, Pittsburgh - Hi, my name's Bob, 28. ISO a guy or a group of guys in the area to get together with! ✆**41386**

PENNSYLVANIA, Scranton - Hi, this is Bill, 6', well built, clean & discrete. ISO a male w/the same qualities to have a lot of fun with. Must be over 6' tall. ✆**20445**

PENNSYLVANIA, Lancaster - This is Billy, 27, SWM, 6'1", 225#, br/br. ISO other men in the area who are looking to have a good time! Call if interested. ✆**25999**

PENNSYLVANIA, Richland - Hi, my name is Nathan, SWM, 25, 5'7", 275#, br/br. ISO men, 25 & older, who are muscular, athletic & who enjoy themselves to get to know. ✆**26878**

PENNSYLVANIA, Lewistown - My name is Terry [male], 6'1", 135# & I'd like to meet any guys, 25-45 for hot times. Can travel & hopefully you're willing to do the same. ✆**44363**

PENNSYLVANIA, Wilkes-Barre - Hi guys, I'm a male, 34. I'm 5'9", 170# & ISO other guys in the area. Take care. ✆**50648**

PENNSYLVANIA, Scranton - SWM, 42 ISO all you sexy, swinging BM's, 26-57! You must be well built. ✆**43141**

PENNSYLVANIA, Johnstown - Handsome SWM, 33 ISO a handsome, well endowed BM or a group of BM's for adult encounters. ✆**47002**

PENNSYLVANIA, Philadelphia suburbs - Frustrated MM, br/bl, 35, 175# ISO something new! I enjoy golf & if there's any male out there who's 18-30 who'd like to get together for a round, give me a call. ✆**26221**

S. CAROLINA, Charleston - I'm a bi WM, 39 seeking other males for afternoon pleasures. I'm 5'10", 165# & versatile. ✆**42592**

S. CAROLINA, Myrtle Beach - This is Brian, 5'10", 140# & very cute! I'm ISO any guys, 18-50 who are well endowed. Let's get close & personal. ✆**48512**

S. CAROLINA, Branchville - I'm a male, 28, 6'1", 185# ISO athletes, military or law enforcement males. Well endowed MM's especially preferred. ✆**47222**

TENNESSEE, Chattanooga area - Hi, I'm a MWM in my 30's. ISO another man to get together w/for discrete encounters! ✆**38683**

TENNESSEE, Chattanooga - Attractive WM, 34 ISO older WM's for good times! ✆**45216**

TENNESSEE, Chattanooga - Hi, this is Jim, 34, profession, male. ISO other males between the ages of 21 & 50 for hot, physical excitement. Be well endowed & enjoy oral fun! ✆**47033**

TENNESSEE, Memphis - WM, 5'11", 180#, John Holmes type - if you know what I mean! ISO similar males to go to X-rated movies, go dining and so on! If you'd like to bring a friend, the more - the merrier! ✆**19248**

TENNESSEE, Paris - Male, 41 looking for other men to be good friends w/& whatever! I'm new to this, so please bear w/me. ✆**29657**

TENNESSEE, Gallatin - Bi-curious MM, 28 ISO males for discrete experimentation w/the French culture. ✆**38122**

TENNESSEE, Knoxville - Are you a happily MM, w/unfulfilled bi interests, but concerned about disease? I am too. I'm a MWM, 40's, 5'8", 150#. ✆**12730**

TEXAS, Austin - Bi WM, 27 seeks other males, 18-35 who are well endowed & discrete like myself. ✆**10665**

TEXAS, Sweetwater - Clean cut, bi SM, mid 20's, educated, dark/br, 5'11". ISO fit, attractive, straight acting, males - especially like business types. ✆**47191**

TEXAS, San Angelo - Hello, my name is Rick, 30, 6', 175#. I'm very curious & would like to have a male telephone friend - possible meeting. ✆**32071**

TEXAS, Fort Worth - I'm a bi MM, 38, 6', 175# seeking similar males. If you want to talk on the phone or meet, please call. ✆**49128**

VIRGINIA, Virginia Beach - This is Tom, 5'8", 200#. ISO another guy for some hot times. ✆**48635**

VIRGINIA, Alexandria - Bi BM, 20 ISO other BM's or WM's, 18-30 for erotic meetings & phone conversations. ✆**39487**

WASHINGTON, Seattle - Hi guys, I'm a gay WM, somewhat feminine & submissive. If you're a somewhat dominant male who knows how to treat a male, please call. ✆**10521**

WASHINGTON, Aberdeen - My name's Tom, 24. ISO a man to show me a good time - I'll show you a good time! ✆**37588**

WASHINGTON, Port Orchard - Bi WM w/little experience, 50, 220# ISO BM tops, 40 & over. ✆**50690**

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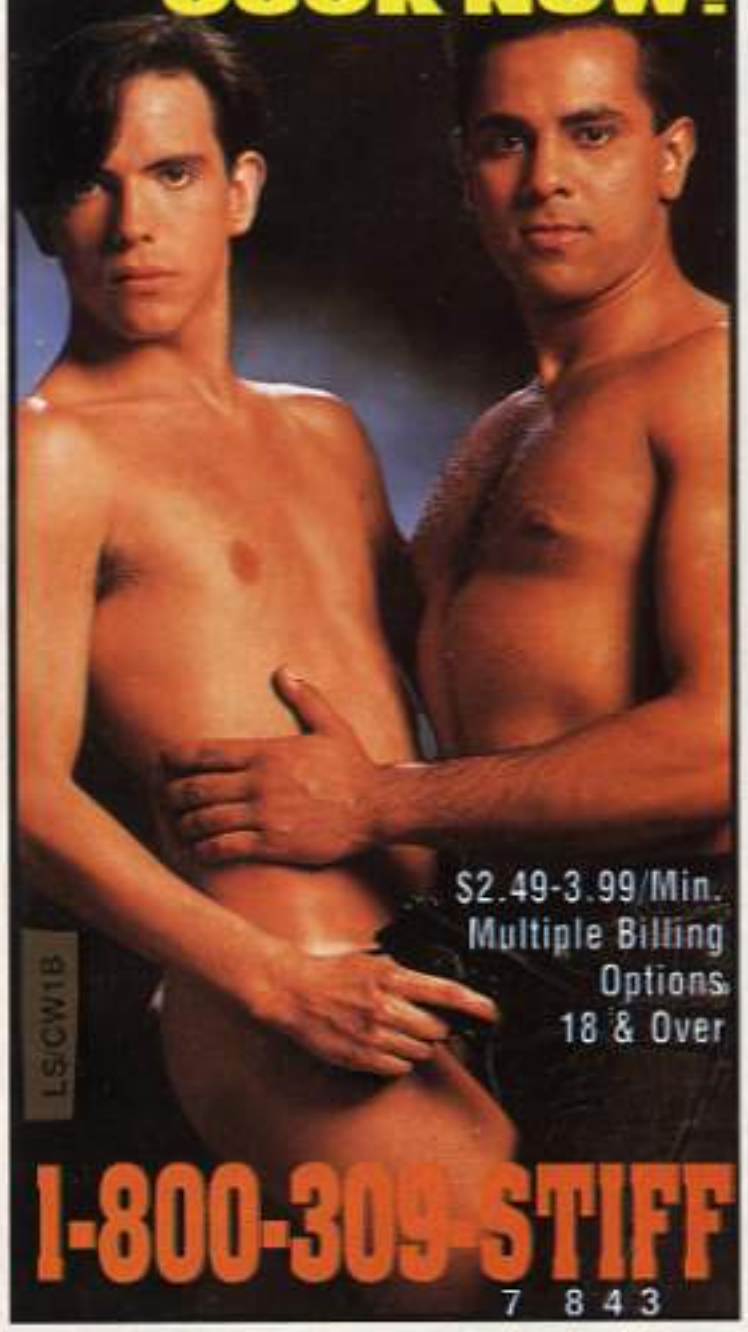

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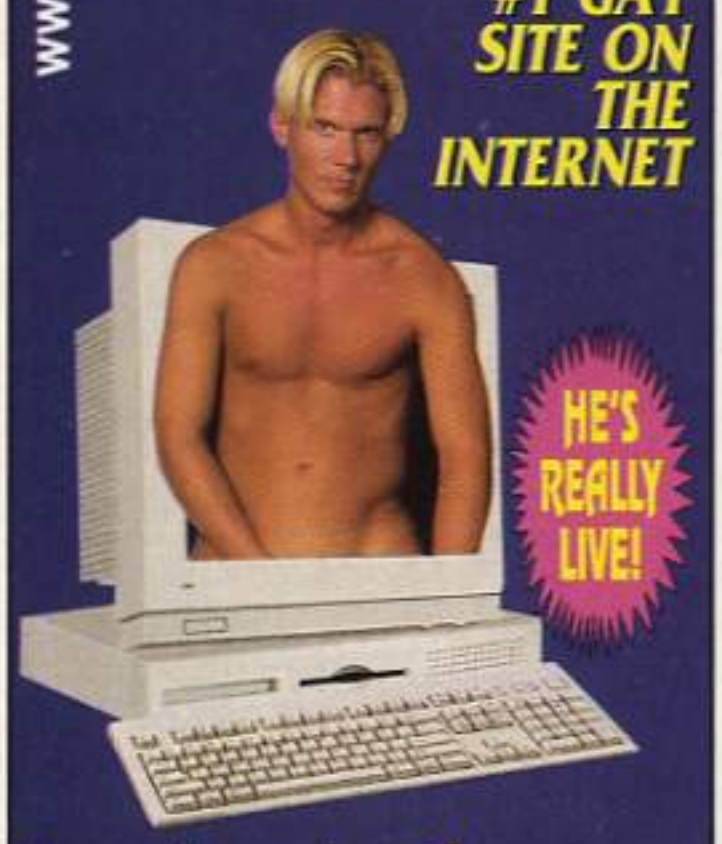

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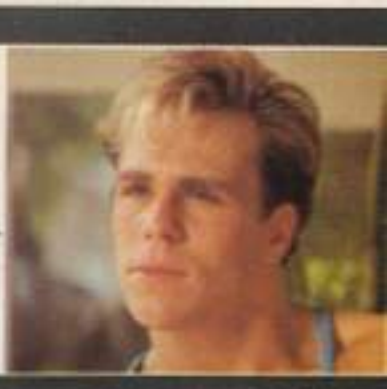

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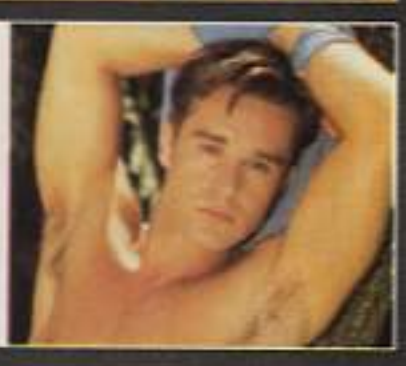

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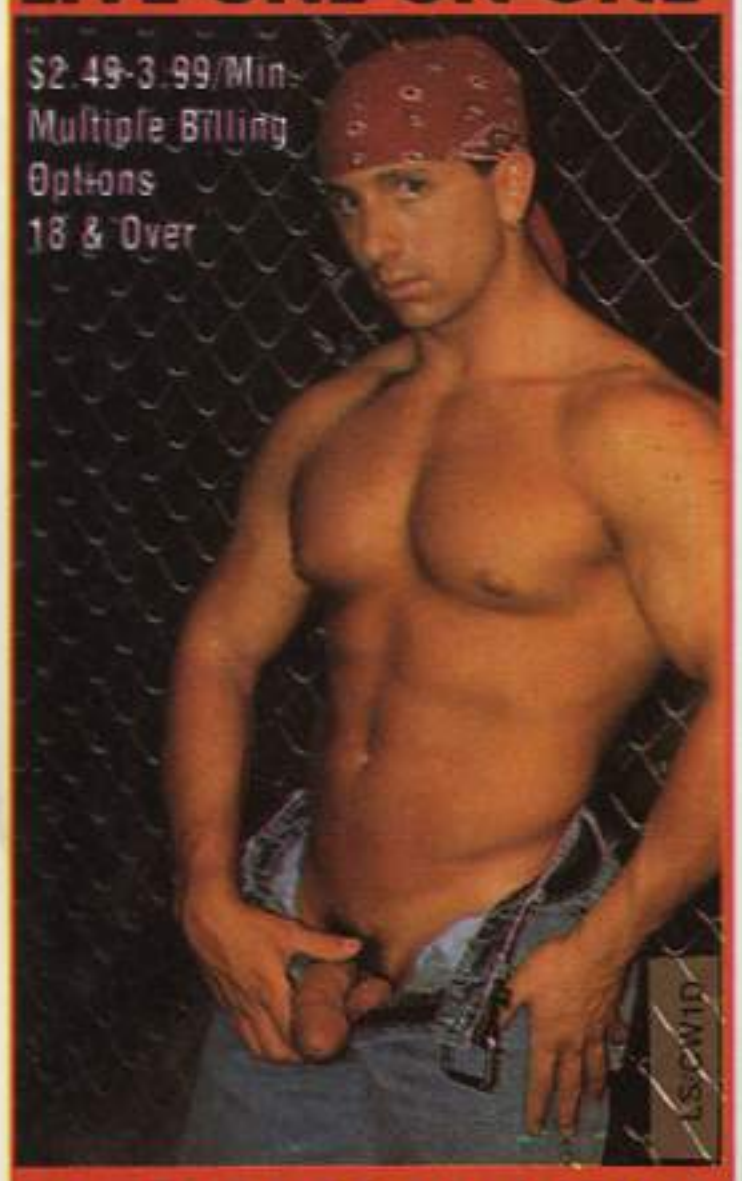

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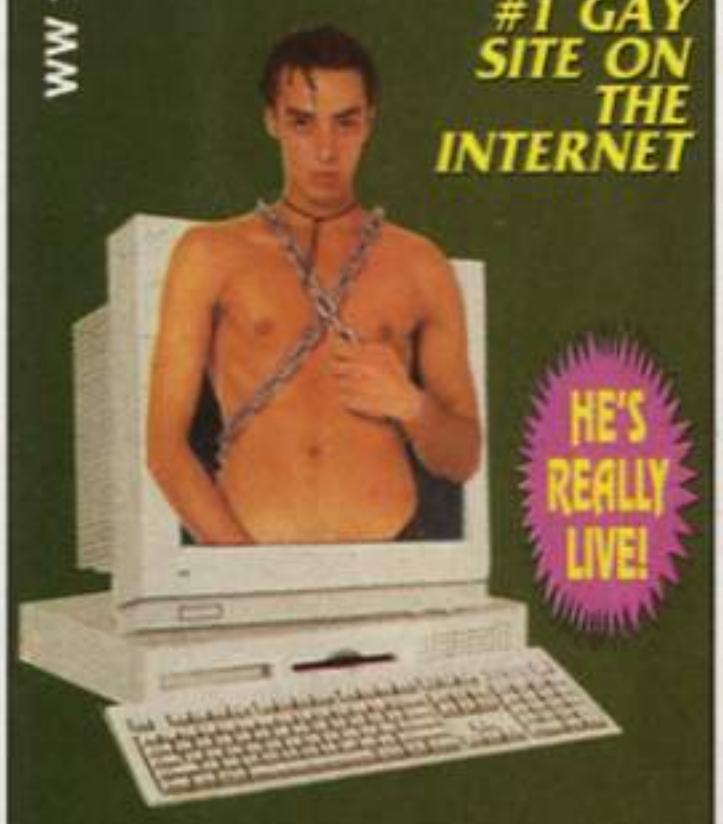

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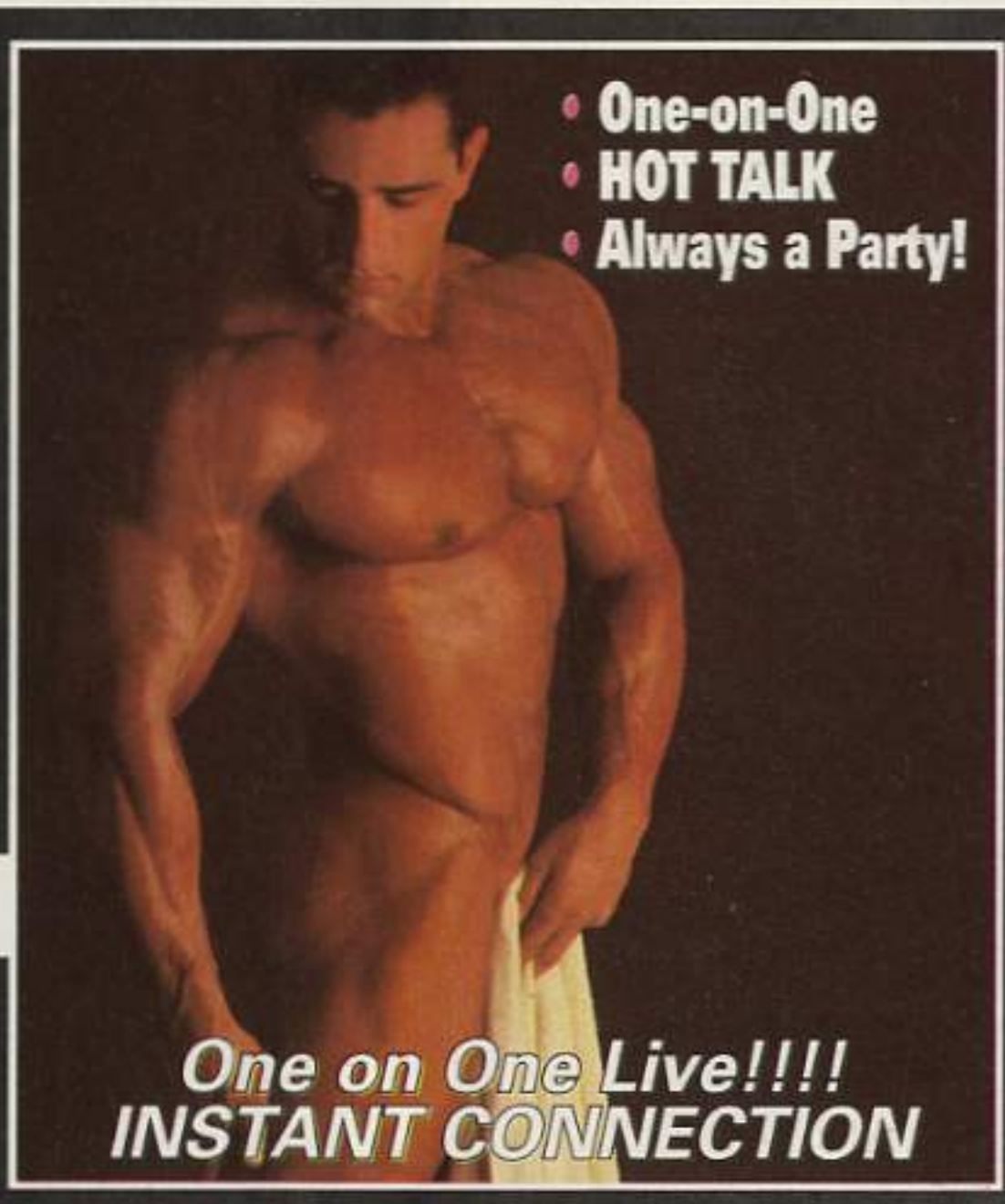

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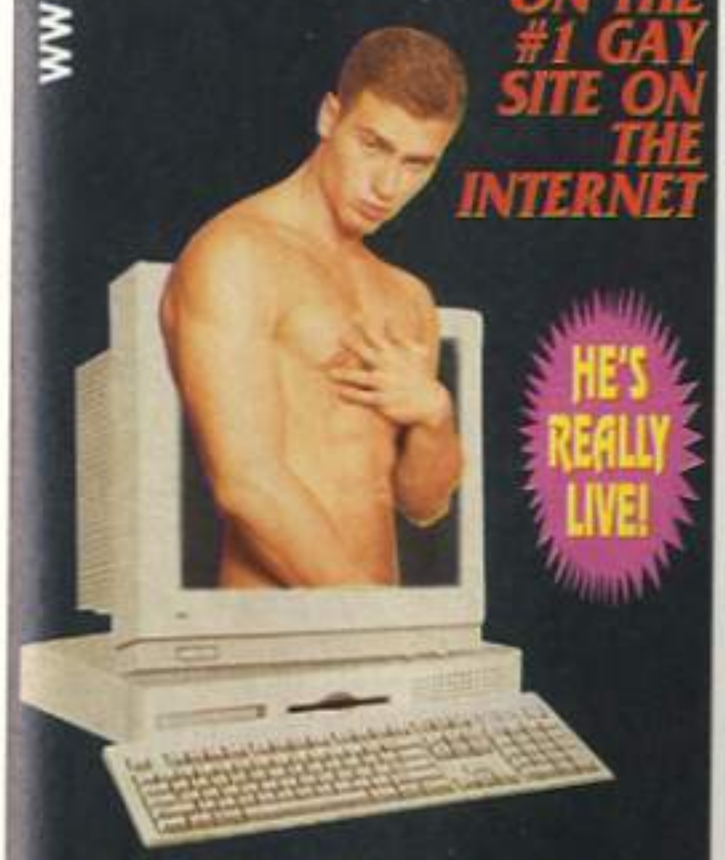

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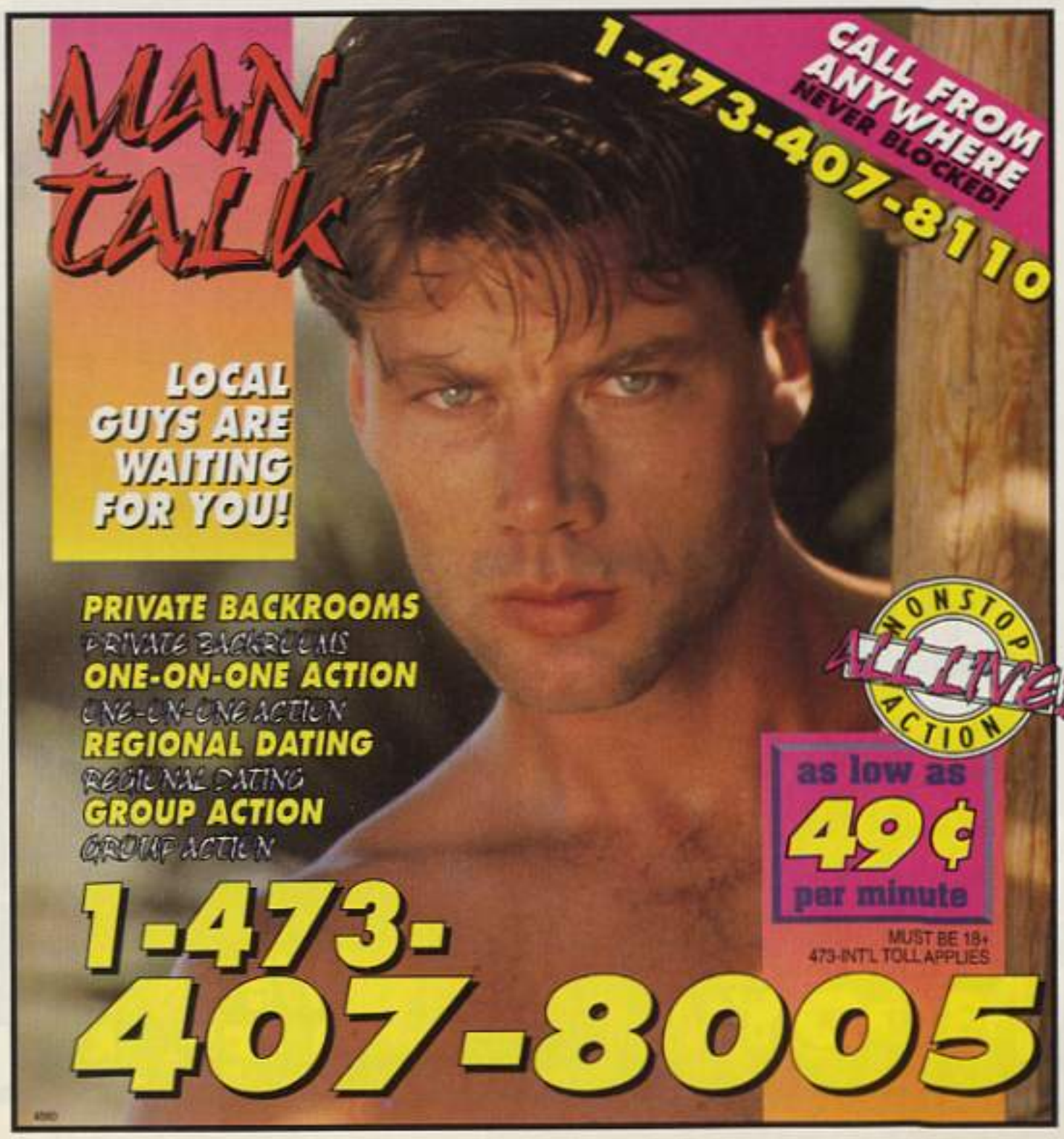

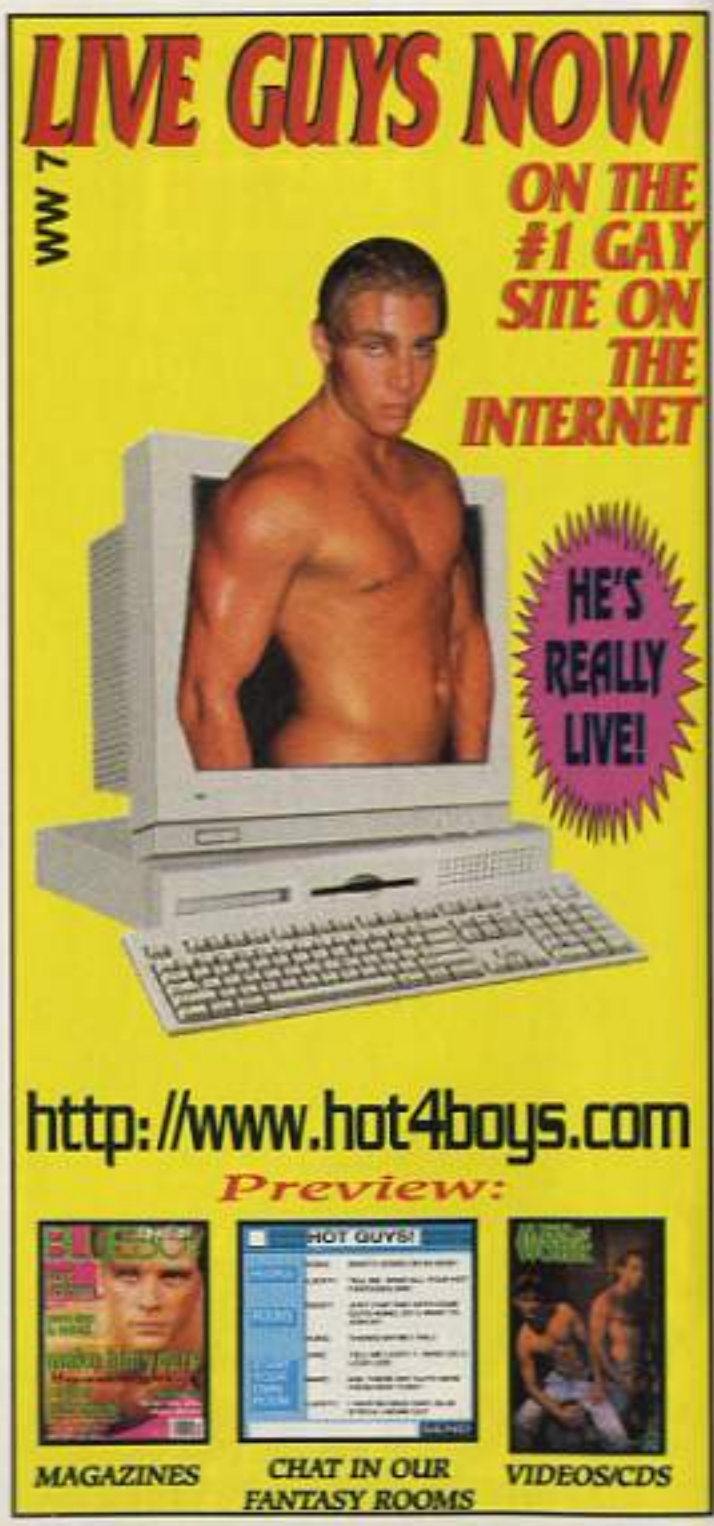

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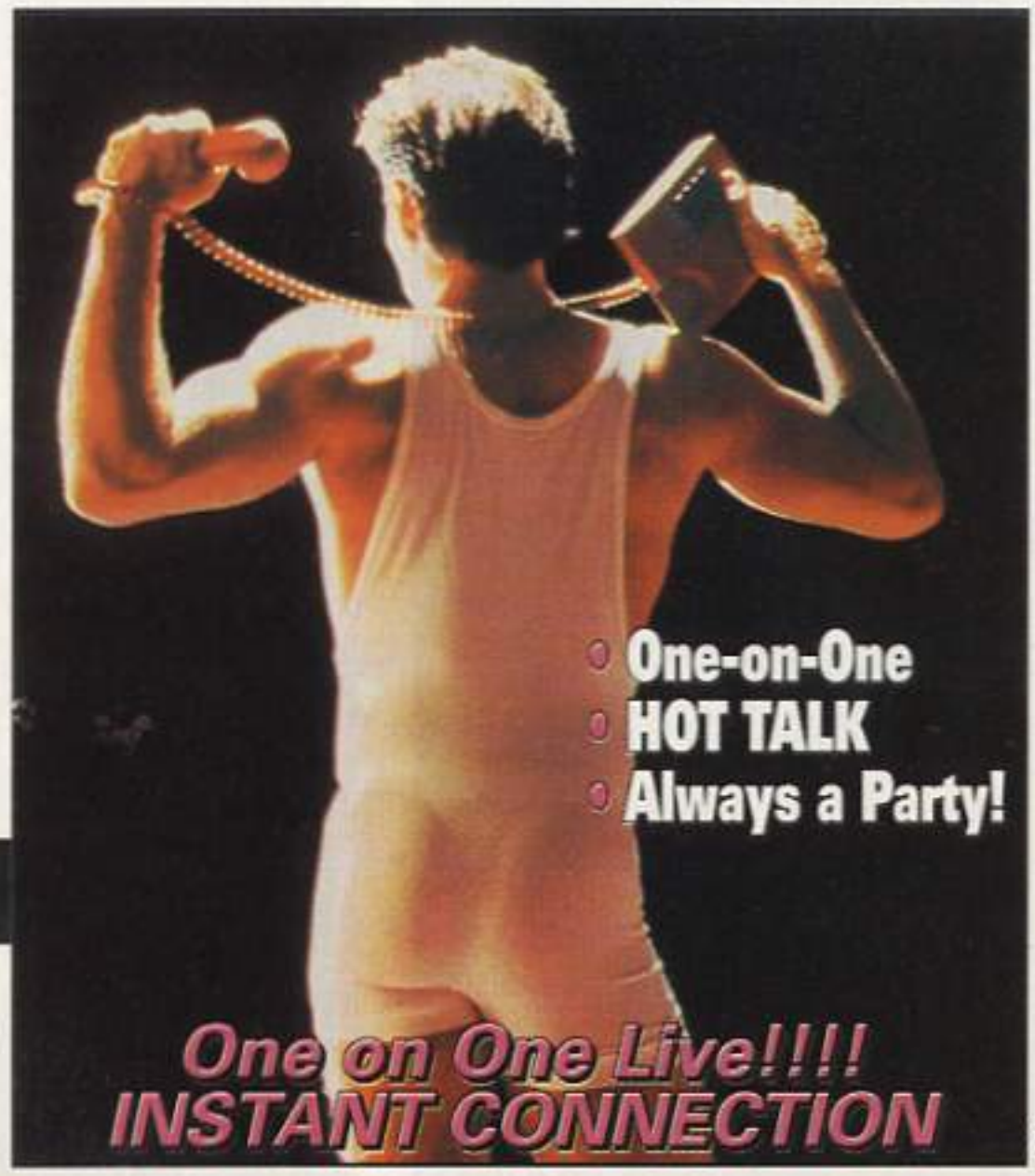

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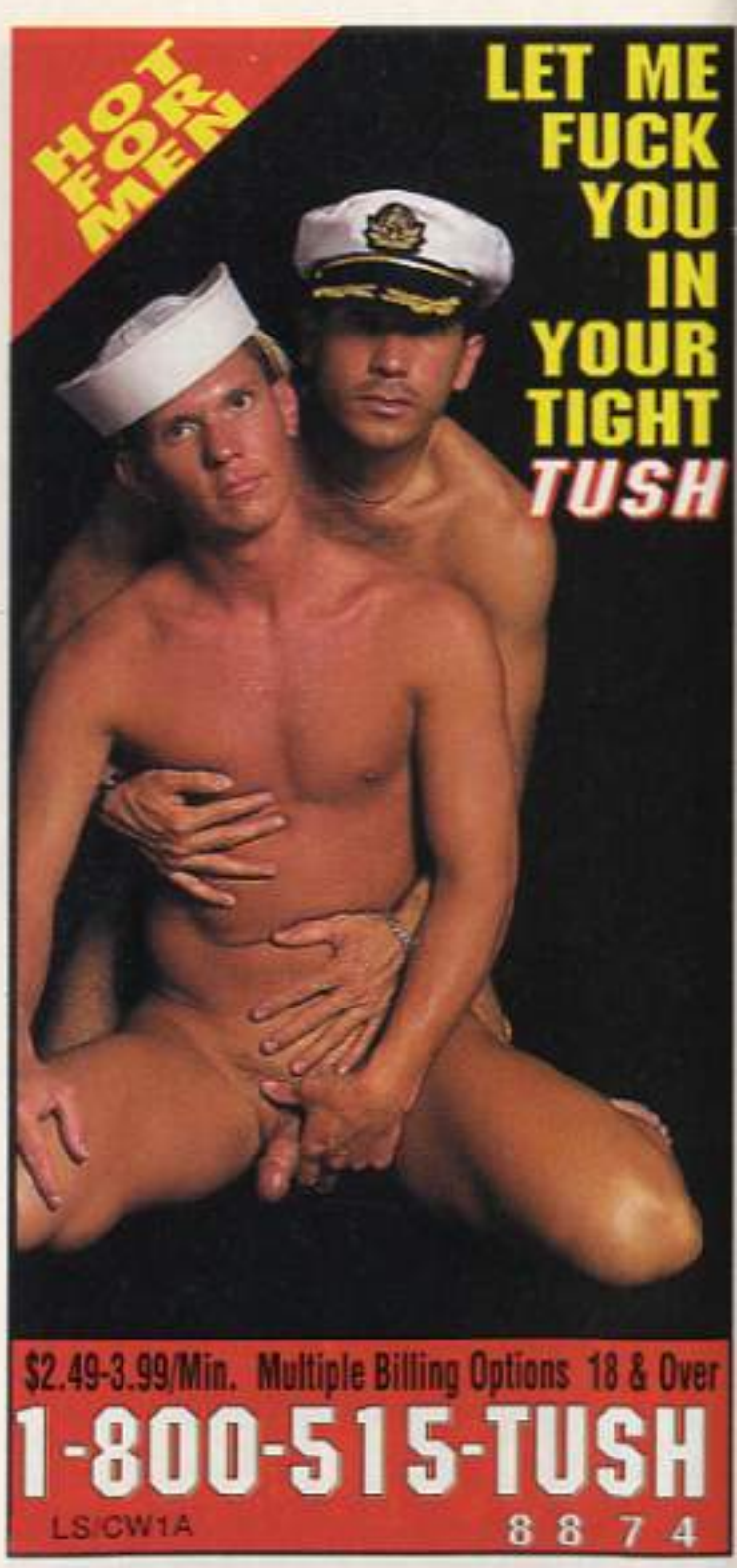

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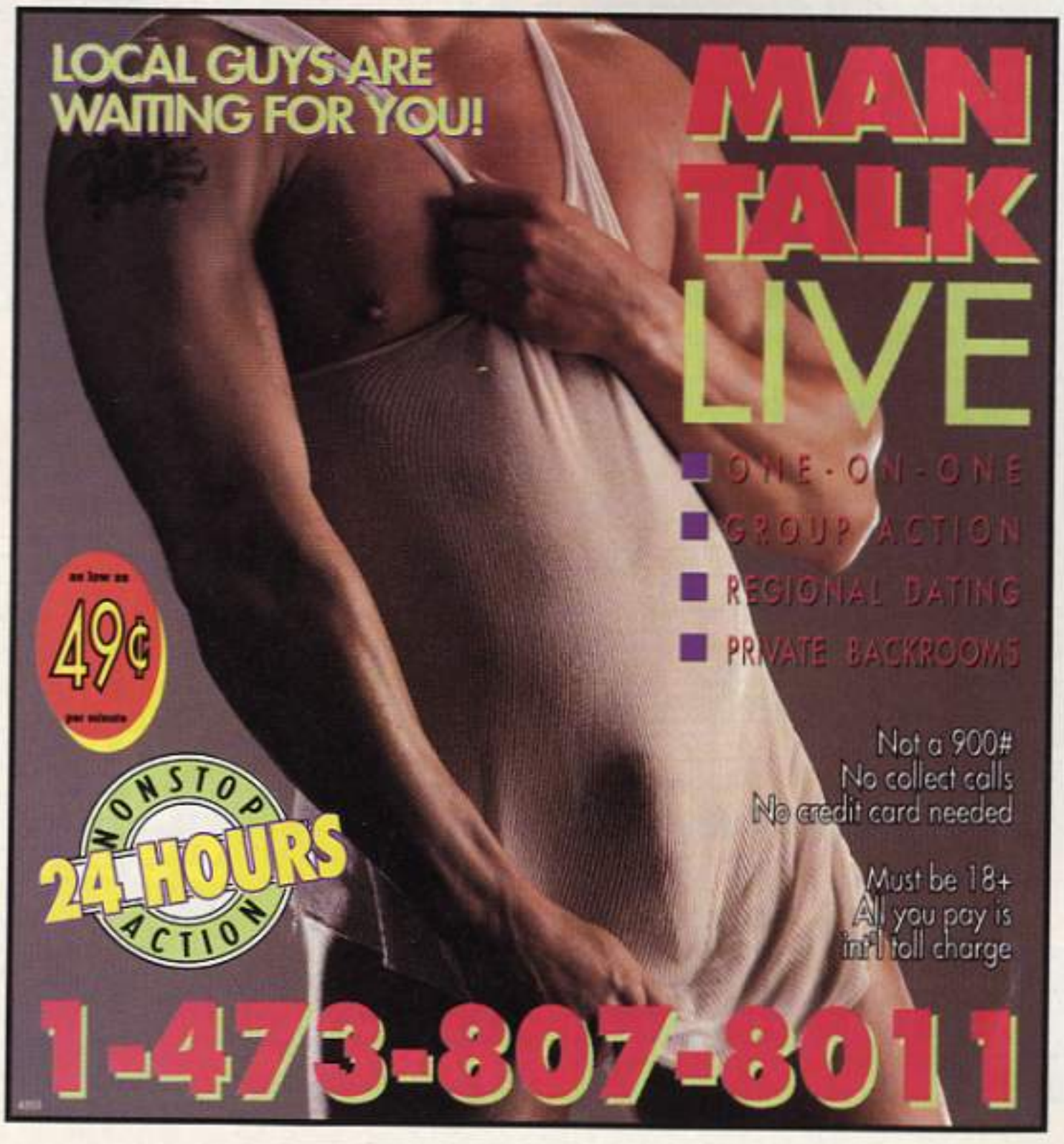

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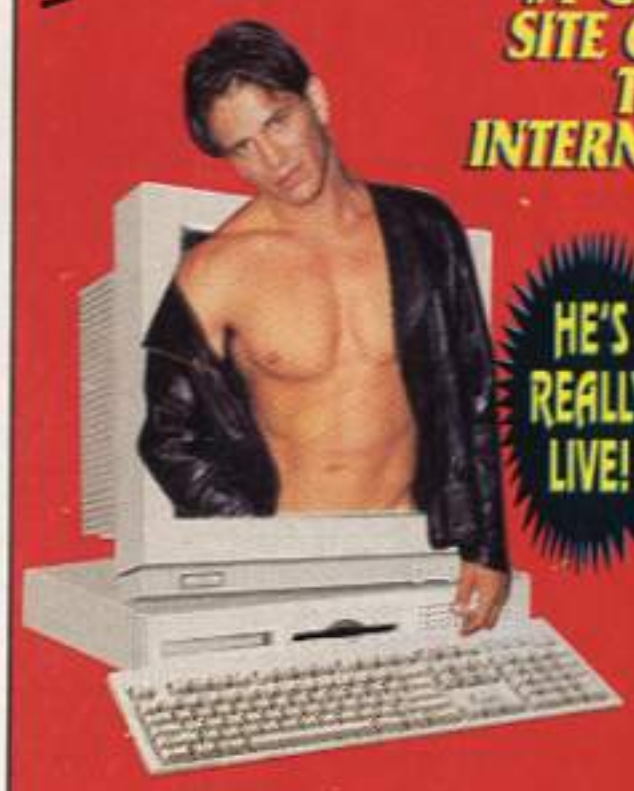

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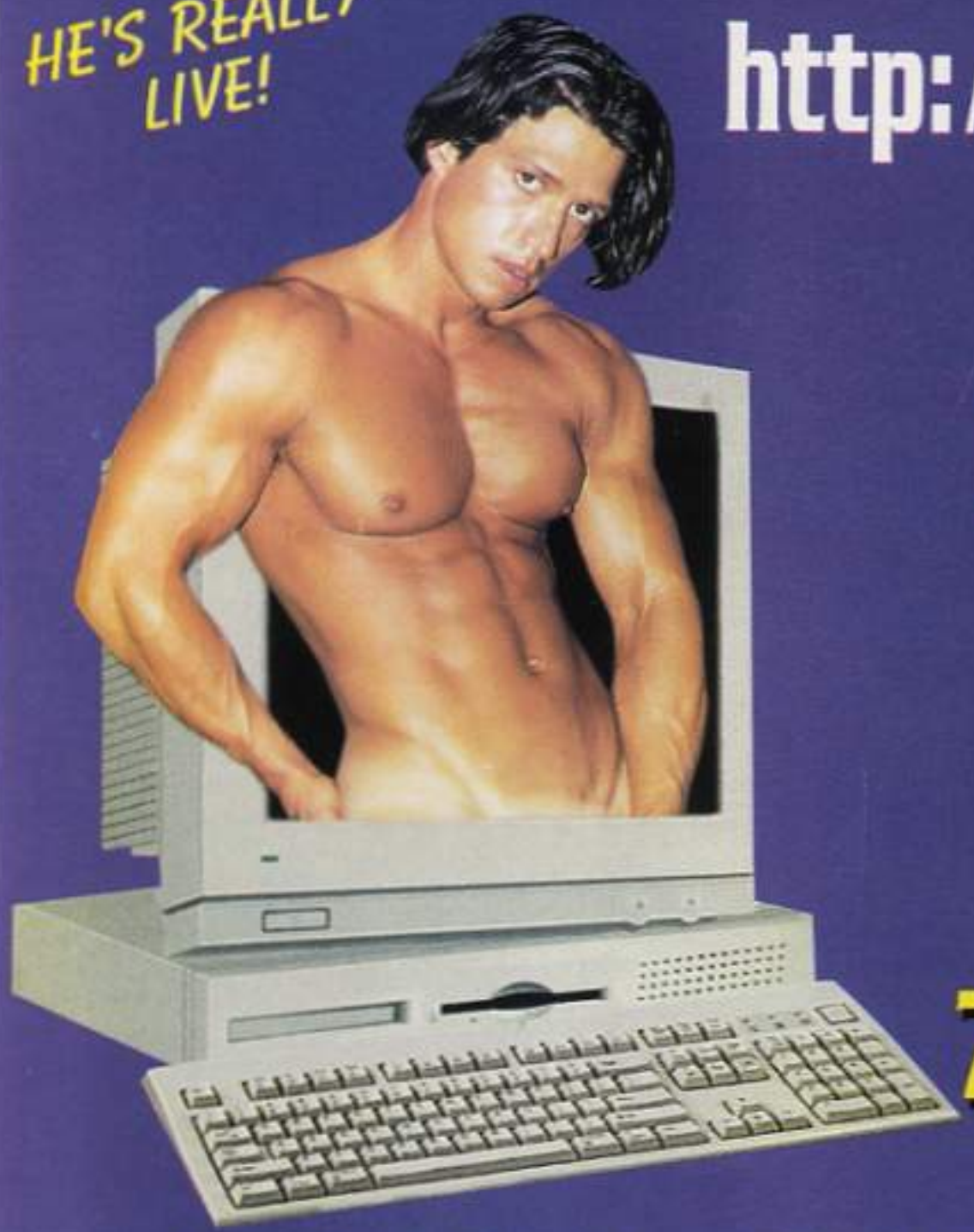

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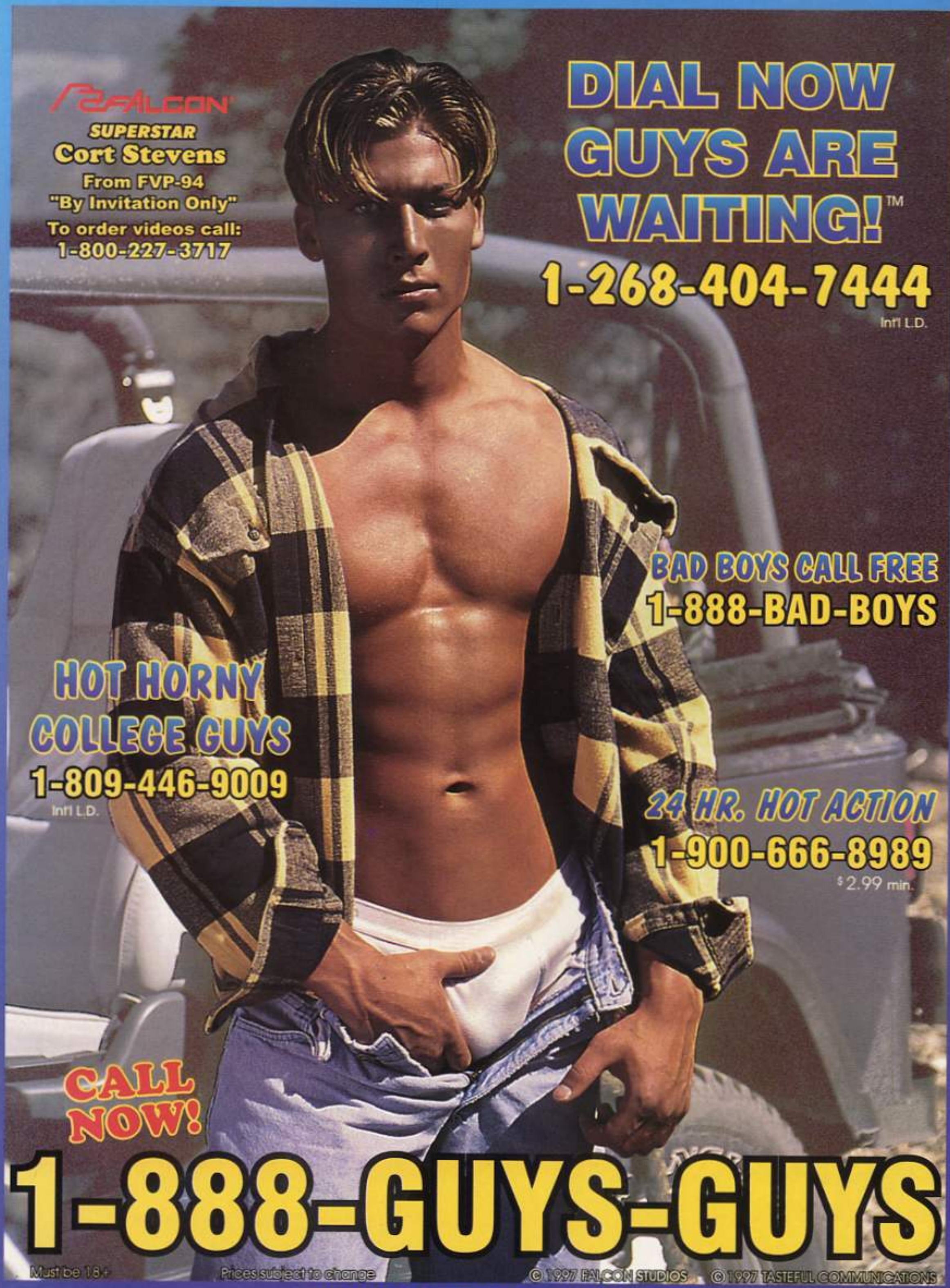

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